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1. the act of defining, determining, distinguishing, or explaining.

2. a brief description of what a thing is.

3. an explanation or statement of what a word or phrase means or has meant.

4. a putting or being in clear, sharp outline.

5. the power of a lens to give a distinct image of an object in all its details.

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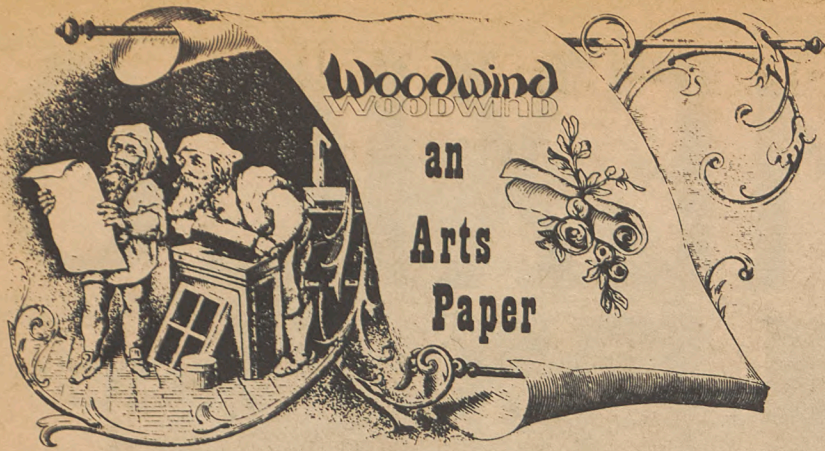


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Rufus, shadows, the wall

I have just painted a wall. But you really should see this wall and the people who play in front of it. They have one thing in common — they all make music. Folk, country and blues. They are also D.C. people. As there's no cover charge to see my wall or the entertainment, if you feel like being an appreciative audience to some new sounds, faces and silhouettes (these people cast some dynamite shadows) in a very air-conditioned-coll, warm atmosphere, then it won't hurt your pocket-book or whatever too much.

I also painted the sign that's just in front of the room with my wall. It says "The Back Room, I should tell you that it's in the Brickskeller — which I'm told is either the place where you had your first legal beer or a place you've never seen or heard of 'cause there's no neon sign advertising it on the street. Which street? Twenty Second Street across from the famous statue, at 1523 with the torn awning.

Once you're there, you go downstairs, walk past the color TV at the bar until you hit the little room to the left with the ice machine and my wall. Then you pretend you're Wyatt Earp and you saunter through the swinging doors where, if you look to the left, you will be instantaneously dumbfounded by my colorful (meaning more than one color) wall and also equally delighted, I would hope, by the entertainment.

Now any Monday through Thursday night after nine there is the possibility that any one of 15 or more people could be standing in front of this wall and I could tell you a lot about each one.

For example, Rufus (his friends call him Rufus Lochrie, Jr.) is a Pisces, but I really couldn't tell you what that has to do with his rock 'n' roll blues guitar because I'm a Pisces and I certainly can't play like he does. If I let on that he plays the harmonica too, you might guess that his two favorite people are Bob Dylan and Elvis Presely. (I didn't have to guess, he told me.) Rufus sings Dylan like Dylan sings Dylan. Then after he gets you totally involved and down with his own four star (that's guide book language) creation "Honey, Don't Be Long," he lets loose with the gutsy "Blue Suede Shoes" and you're back to the happy rockin' days of "Linda Lou" and "Corina, Corina." Rufus often plays upstairs on the weekends, at the Top O' the Bricks, at the Rogue and Jar, and at the Cellar Door hootenanny.

Currently there are ten people on the folk front offering unique ways to catch your ear.

An exceptionally talented musician, Laura Plumeri was "discovered" while working as a waitress at Bricks. Laura concentrates on contemporary works — Leonard Cohen, Joni Mitchell, etc. — including her own, very fine "Golden Eagles" and "Candlelight and Ice." Her vocal and guitar interpretations are both

masterful and evocative. She comes from a family of musicians; her brother Terry used to be associated with Love, Cry, Want and is now playing bass with Roberta Flack. Laura also does guest appearances at Tammany Hall, Childe Harold and on WGTB-FM radio.

Dave Splitt can't help being a contemporary folk singer, because he only performs his own songs. It's rare when one of his songs doesn't hit home, in either a person or political way. His "We were young enough then to say our love would last forever" invokes nostalgic memories of those youthful romances which somehow didn't last, while his rousing "I am a house, I have four walls. . . I am a woman, won't you love me?" makes you wish you had the money for a down payment. When he isn't singing at Bricks, he spends his time singing at the Cellar Door and with the Choral Arts Society, and being a Sagittarian, an imminent music publisher, author, photographer and lawyer.

Chavez and James (and "3000 lbs. of equipment") are dividing their time between Philly and D.C. Fresh from appearances on Philly TV, the Miss Pennsylvania Pageant, and locally at Clydes and the Exchange, Bob Chavez singing lead backed up by Grim James on bass guitar, have created one of the most beautiful, mellow sounds this side of the Potomac River (If you're in love, they sound better). Among their finer selections are a duet "December Dream," "When the Rains Come," and the country-western hit "You Stomped on My (Aorta) Heart."

Janet Bratter tells me that on occasion she has spent her spare time delivering Yellow Pages (the subject of a song), driving a cab and commandeering an ice cream truck. Since her return to D.C. this Spring from Ottawa, she has played engagements at such spots as Clydes, Tammany Hall and Mr. Henry's. Her high, gentle, though somewhat husky — voice attains its fullest quality on her own "Slouching Towards Bethlehem. . . marching through every land is a soldier with death in his hands" taken from a poem by Yeats. Jane also performs songs by such people as Dylan, Mimi Fariña, Simon and Garfunkel, the Band, and Jackson Browne.

Susquehanna has been together for two years, but only recently have they added a drummer, creating some very fine four part harmonies, a la Beatles.

The group is especially versatile; their selection of material ranges from folk to rock

You may have seen them at P Street Beach this summer. Or at Clydes, Tammany Hall, Childe Harold or the Cellar Door. Currently they are also playing the college circuit.

John Bijarney spends most of his daytime singing to and with children. John also primarily sings his own compositions. My favorites are "Monster of the Island, I Love You"

Shadows On My Wall

By RUTH STENSTROM



Susquehanna at P St. Beach

and "I'm Sorry the Ocean Is Closed Today." His off-beat humor is reminiscent of the "Hello mudder, hello fodder, here I am at Camp Granada" genre. Sardonic at times, his style is also warm and likeable.

Then there are the good people whose music is rooted in the country tradition.

It's a small world; Tex Rubinowitz and Rufus went to high school together (Lee). Tex concentrates on old country classics plus a few new ones and some old rock tunes. Hank Williams was and is his inspiration. In fact, the next time he performs, he'll probably be wearing an authentic Hank Williams style hat. It looks fine too. Listening to Tex, one can't help feeling that he has experienced a lot of life. Among his best selections are William's "Hey, Hey, Bertha Lou," "Hey Good Looking" and his repertoire of original songs on "promiscuity."

Foe Meader came to the hootenanny at Bricks one Sunday night and the next night he was hired to bring his banjo, guitar and bandana down to the Back Room. He specializes in country ballads, Southern blues and original compositions, several of which were written by his wife Diane — who recently joined his act. Foe specializes in yodeling, which he learned as a kid doing Tarzan yells. When he isn't in front of an audience, Foe is

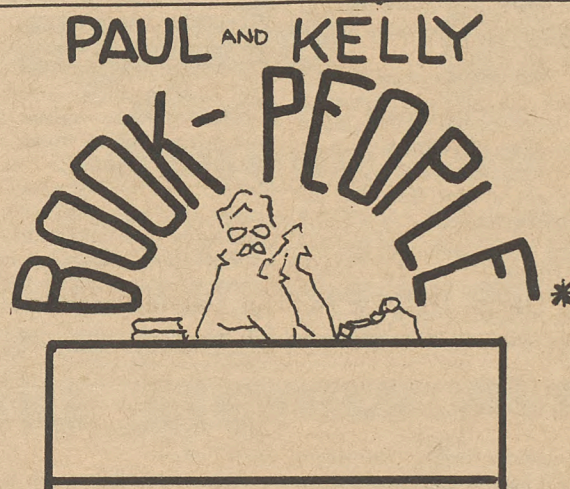
in front of a class at teaching anthropology at Montgomery Community College. Foe and Diane have also performed at Mr. Henry's and the Cellar Door.

At last I've come to the man who is not only the moving spirit behind the scene at Bricks, but also an entertainer — Joe Corey. Since the early '60's, Joe has been associated with both folk (St. James Trio, Joe Corey and the Briston Singers) and rock (Corey and the Crusade) groups. When he returned to D.C. last fall, the management at Bricks had decided to try a folk music format again and asked him to help out.

Personally, I like Joe best when he is on stage singing. In Charlie Rich's "July 12 Sure Was a Scorcher," the magnetism of his sense of rhythm, hushed voice and sharp diction immediately affect you with the mounting dramatic tension.

Joe brought back the Hootenanny to Bricks on Sunday from 9 p.m. until 12:30 or 1:00 a.m. "whichever comes first." It's run very openly — no audition is required, just a phone call to Joe at Brickskeller's 293-1885 a couple of days in advance. People who work at Bricks also come down and jam. I've been to the last three. It's a good atmosphere for playing and listening.

Feels like things are happenin'.



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COUNTERNOTES



LONG JOHN SILVER — Jefferson Airplane — (Grunt)

By Bruce Rosenstein
By mid-afternoon most everyone at the mansion had dragged themselves out of bed. There was work to be done. Manager Bill approached Grace, Paul, and Jack at the breakfast table. "I just talked to RCA, folks, and they said you better get off your asses and get this next album recorded. The people want it. The Detroit office said one kid asked a store owner about a new album. With response like that we gotta move."

"Oh, hell," Grace said, carefully examining two bowls on the table as to which contained sugar and which cocaine. "Don't worry about that stuff so much. Here, smoke some of this."

"Far out," Bill replied after taking a hit off the circulating joint, "These \$100 bill papers are too much."

"Waddaya mean," Paul snapped, "Papers? They're real \$100 bills!"

"Far out, I thought you just used 'em for sniffing coke."

Just then Jack lowered his coffee cup and said, "You know, a lot of people didn't dig our last album. Like, it might have been too esoteric for them, I dunno. But maybe we should try to get back to their level."

"Bullshit!" Paul said, his fist shooting into the air, "Let them get up to our level or go listen to Top 40 or something. I thought our last album was the best thing we've done since VOLUNTEERS, except for maybe a couple of tunes on SUNFIGHTER. Listen, I got a couple of ideas to kick around. I've got this new song called 'We Remember Attica, Part 2,' and like there isn't any part one, which I think is pretty far out, and I also think we should do a version of 'War Pigs' by Black Sabbath."

"No," Grace sighed, smoke flowing out of her mouth, "that won't work. I don't think we could fit a violin into it. I was thinkin' maybe we should get Marty to do a couple of vocals, except that I don't know where he is."

"Oh, he's been auditioning for tambourine playing gigs in soul bands. He was also thinking about being a roadie for James Brown or maybe forming a group with Eric Burdon," Jack answered.

"Bummer," Paul replied, "last night I was drivin' in the Porsche thinking that maybe we should use those old outtakes from SUNFIGHTER for this album. Or maybe some neat things that Papa John didn't use on his album."

"I'm not sure if we could pull it off," Grace said, "but it might be worth a try. Like recording new stuff is such a drag. Like today there's this really neat movie on TV, and I'm not gonna miss it for some stupid session."

"I can dig it," Paul said, searching for bills in his jeans pockets. "I think we should be more concerned about a name for the album. We can record it anytime. We all know how to play, right? So we'll worry about that later. I was thinkin' about a neat title like UP AMERIKA'S ASS SIDEWAYS."

"I like the ring," Jack said, "but we may get trouble in the stores."

"Fuck the stores!" Paul shouted, his fist shooting into the air again, "we'll sell it by mail if we have to! Grace can take the orders and mail 'em out."

"I'm not so sure about that," Grace said, looking perplexed, "How about STEAL THIS ALBUM?"

"Yeah," Jack said cautiously, "but what if they do. Then we'd have to start playing gigs again to get some more bread."

Paul slowly raised his head from the table top and his rolled up bill. "Too true, but I like the idea of stealing. Like, we've been getting away with a lot of stuff lately, right? So, it doesn't have to be their stealing it could be us. Maybe like Robin Hood or something."

A number of names were passed around. Bill finally said, "What about LONG JOHN SILVER?"

"Hey!"

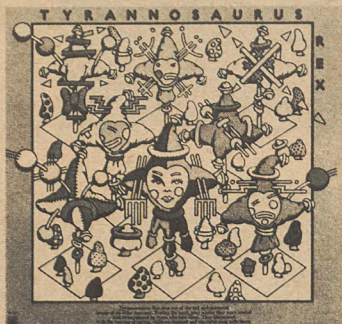
"Possibilities, man."

"The vibes are there."

Paul got up from the table and dropped the used bill to the floor. "That could be it. Let's sleep on it."

Grace jumped up. "It's time for the movie!"

"Yeah, let's record later."



TYRANNOSAURUS REX (A Beginning) — Tyrannosaurus Rex — (A&M)

THE SLIDER — T. Rex — (Reprise)

By Michael Hogan
It's easy enough for this "punk rock critic" to sit here in his welfare flat and pause reflectively before finally revealing that "yes, once you penetrate to the hurricane's eye, you can see that the Marc Bolan who is T. Rex is basically the same Marc Bolan who began Tyrannosaurus Rex over four years and seven albums ago." But then you ask, "Well, what is it exactly that hasn't changed?" Unfortunately, trying to put a finger on it won't get you an analysis, it'll only leave smudges. All one can do is listen carefully and interpret according to their own relativity.

And fate has found a way to make the relativity a bit easier to interpret because, as they say in the trade, an obscure term if ever there was, T. Rex is HOT! Thus, the inevitable result being that we find ourselves presently amongst (A) the most obvious: the new T. Rex LP, slim and slo-ly called THE SLIDER; and (B) the second most obvious: a re-release of older material previously unavailable except as imports at sphincter-tightening prices.

It's much easier to breathe chronologically so we take a deep one which turns out to be two Tyrannosaurus Rex LP's, MY PEOPLE WERE FAIR AND HAD SKY IN THEIR HAIR and PROPHETS, SEERS & SAGES, hinged in the center to form a double album, hardly Siamese, but at a price you'd have been lucky to get even one of the imports for.

These first two albums, long lost children of space, may prove a bit much for the 14-year-old hotbox to get into not only because being brought up to date by travelling backwards is time consuming, but because both discs are esoteric as hell. Bolan was heavily into spinning fascinating tales of mythical fantasy so real you could believe it all actually happened and that he was simply writing from memory.

So with nary an electrical outlet in sight, Bolan (on acoustic guitar and vocals) and Steve Peregrin Took (bongos, vocals, and assorted percussion) roamed the heady realm of child-like imagination, at times combining the dancery with his fancy so that you had this impish little fellow sitting cross-legged on the floor, chanting in the eeriest of vibratos, and boogying between elfland and the farthest stars leaving behind stories and poems about "Frowning Atahualpa" or "Graceful Fat Sheba" and "The Travelling Tragition."

Sad to say, acceptance was slow and cultish and these albums never made it across to the states except as imports priced as expensive as their rarity could afford. And I doubt that even now they'd be available if not for the current heat being emitted by the electric T. Rex coupled with A&M's willingness to stone two birds with one very welcome album. So here it is, kids, Introduction to Basic Mythology (With A Boogie Backbeat), Parts 1 & 2.

But it wouldn't really be fair to skip all the way up to THE SLIDER, leaving the midriff as bare as it is, so a little more history, maestro, if you please.

Next came Blue Thumb who fingered the duo for two more albums amounting to an extension and further refinement of earlier directions. By the second Blue Thumb album, the duo's dynamics had been altered as Mickey

Finn replaced Took. Along with Finn came the first slight, teasing hints of an electric future.

The main objection is usually cloaked in disappointment and anger at T. Rex for having gone electric, yet a listen to their development on record reveals how logical and gradual the transformation actually was. Gradual in that electric guitars, and occasionally strings, were added to strengthen and give depth to certain numbers (while others were still done acoustically); logical in that Bolan's desire as a poet was to communicate on a large scale, but because of the esoteric nature of the acoustic Tyrannosaurus Rex, their following in England was mainly undergroundish and in America it was even lower than that. So Bolan plugged in, stood his ground against objections, and gently steered his career toward the larger audience looming just over the horizon. And it's because of this natural evolution toward the electric that there aren't the gaping gaps you might expect between albums; one picks up nicely from the previous, sometimes forming a smooth overlap.

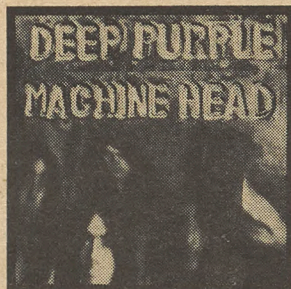
The next phase of Bolan's evolution linked him with Reprise where — for some hidden reason — or more likely, for no special reason at all — the name shortened to T. Rex and graced an initial release which bore a sticker attesting to the inclusion of their hit single, "Ride A White Swan."

A second Reprise album, ELECTRIC WARRIOR, further extended and strengthened T. Rex's grip on America, though it hardly compared to their power in England. The added momentum of this acceptance seemed to enlarge Bolan's circles, and experiences closer to reality became more visible in his lyrics although his poetic license enabled his words to retain their sense of fantasy.

Thus, having knocked twice, now enter THE SLIDER, strutting brashly about and opening with as hard a punch as can be mustered from "Metal Guru," English pop music style with a special T. Rex twist. If you don't know how to dance (ya hear that, Arthur!) this one will teach you. "Mystic Lady" (lyrics oozing from "put my dogs to fright" to "Bobby you're a hobby"), "Rock On," "The Slider" ("and when I'm sad I slide"), and "Baby Boomerang" ("you always bang the whole gang") slow things down just a mite for "Spaceball Ricochet," an acoustic guitar-bit of bass, passing-through-you-like-a-town-on-the-map love song. "Buick Mackane" is another rocker, "Metal Guru" style, and in its own chopped, lowered, and supercharged way it compares with Loudon Wainwright's "Motel Blues" (and that one should leave stretch marks on a few people.)

Flippit. "Telegram Sam," a little booger about what you can do to your nose and your friends, but not your relatives... and there's Bobby again. "Rabbit Fighter" and "Baby Strange" two exercises in rabbit habits and whip trips. Ah ha, those riffs Bolan zipped from Clapton show up here in "Ballrooms of Mars" as deformed "Layla" and then there's this line about "John Lennon knows your name and I've seen his." I wonder what kinda crack that is? "Chariot Choogie" and "Main Man" seem to have taken each other's place, but it doesn't really matter 'cause it's all over now.

It's an interesting, autobiographical album generally showing Bolan sagging in a few places, bragging in others, and occasionally shagging metaphors for Bob Dylan on a soft day in the park, but what it boils down to is simple: look out mom and dad, your daughters've been had by the Beatles and Stones and pot and acid and now, by god, it's Bolan's turn to shoot!



MACHINE HEAD — Deep Purple — (Warner Brothers)

ARGUS — Wishbone Ash — (Decca)

As we all know, nobody makes heavy metal music like the British. We can lay claim to the Blue Oyster Cult and a few others, but the real heavies are over in England. I've finally gotten over thinking Deep Purple was a bunch of noise, to the point where I can finally acknowledge them as one of the really best hard rock bands extant. Simplistic, yes, but deadly. Deep Purple roars, and Wishbone Ash does also, but they (Wishbone) can also purr. At their heaviest, they're still not as heavy as Purple, but then the latter can't get soft and pull it off like Wishbone can. ARGUS even opens

with some quiet acoustic stuff. It is also more melodic than DP, but if it's melodies we want, we don't necessarily go to a hard rock band. Wishbone doesn't just hit you from one level, and that is probably their strongest point. When they're heavy they're great, but they can be softer too. Deep Purple pretty much hits you from a consistent level. They deviate from that level at very few occasions. Their songs often sound just plain inane. Fortunately, that's just part of the fun. I mean, Ritchie Blackmore can knock out more heavy riffs than you could ever imagine, and even though they may all sound virtually the same, it doesn't matter. A song like "Highway Star" may be crude, but that doesn't stop it from being loveable in its own way. It's no "Are You A Boy Or Are You A Girl" by the Barbarians, but in these days and times we can't be choosy. The sheer power of "Space Truckin'" is a knockout and "Lazy" shows that keyboards have a very definite place in hard rock. Basically, the whole album grabs you and forces you to listen, but doesn't make you stand still to do it. That's one thing that's nearly impossible.

Now you can sit still to Wishbone Ash, as I have said, because they've got their quieter moments, but as I type away now, "Blowin' Free" is comin' on the stereo and I'm getting up to boogie...

OK, I'm back. Where was I... oh, yeah. One more thing. Kindly ignore all those ads for Wishbone which proclaim Ted Turner and Andy Powell to be "The greatest double lead guitar team in the history of rock." I thought record companies were above that sort of stuff. I trust no one has believed it anyway. So, if you've been passing these two albums by (they've been out for at least six months), don't do it any longer. If you don't get the albums, at least go to a record store and check out the cover of ARGUS. It's even better than the music.

B.R.



'OT 'N' SWEATY — Cactus — (ATCO)

Okay, first of all, Cactus ain't like the Cactus you've heard before. Well, not that much like them. They're still hard and loud, I mean, 'ard 'n' loud, but you've got to take them seriously this time around.

Number one, it's really a new band. The rhythm section of Carmine Appice and Tim Bogert is the same, but there are three new members who make all the difference. What would be the greatest possible addition to Cactus? Why, a British lead singer of course. And they got themselves one. None other than Peter French, who was one of the 673 lead singers of Atomic Rooster. Pete's just too much on this album. See, there's one side recorded live at the Mar y Sol Pop Festival in Puerto Rico last Spring, and he was shouting and carrying on and showing the crowd a great time. He can get pretty hokey, but all in all, I like his act.

There's also a new lead guitarist, Werner Fritzsings, (no, I guess that's not any name for a rock 'n' roll star). He's not great, but he fits the bill. Next to French, the biggest addition was that of keyboard player Duane Hitchings, who formerly played in the backup bands of Janis Joplin and Buddy Miles. He's gotten Cactus into being a better than average boogie band, as you will doubtless find out on hearing "Swim" and "Bad Mother Boogie" on the live side.

Outside of those two, the best cuts are "Our Lil Rock 'n' Roll Thing" and "Bedroom Mazurka," a couple of blistering hard rock songs. "Bringing Me Down" won't bring you down. Really nothing on this album will, as a matter of fact.

Bogert and Appice are reportedly still working with Cactus, but are also playing in Jeff Beck's new band (the only one to change hands more often than Atomic Rooster), the culmination of nearly three years planning for Beck, Bogert, and Appice. Anyway, if Carmine and Tim do ever leave Cactus, I hope the other three will stay on just so they can call the band Hitchings, Fritzsings, and French.

B.R.



ESOTERICA ESOTERICA ESOTERICA

LIVING IN THE EAR: ESOTERICA

By Tim Hogan

Strip away all sexual implications and demands of the word "esoteric" and half its sparkle seems to vanish. The best cleanser is a dictionary; it's two part definition explains the word as something shared by few. Grabbing Brother Roger for alternatives, there's a whole slew of nouns and adjectives from "pornographic" to "mystical," so that I know now that the title chosen is even more semi-correct.

To place a pigeon-hole-sticker on recorded music, that is to say, "esoteric music," it would have to include by definition music that is shared by or understood by or appreciated by small numbered fews. All previous indications of direction lead one to the following paragraphs which deal with specifics rather than atlantics.

Any music that you can ball to, must, in your explanation, be called esoteric. But rising above all of that we get into music that is esoteric because of other qualities. May I introduce you to the music of Bali, a small island member of the Indonesian Republic? The music is played by an orchestra of gongs, cymbals, metallophones and drums and may best be likened, if you can imagine this in perfection, to an ensemble of well-rehearsed, water-filled-bottle players backed by droning and punctuated drum effects. The music is created to accompany dances, plays and puppet shows, all of which are important facets of Bali's Hindu tradition. The two records most readily available are MUSIC FOR BALINESE SHADOW PLAY on Explorer (H-72037) and THE EXOTIC SOUNDS OF BALI on Odyssey (32 16 0366). The first is an edited session of music played behind a puppet theatre performance, with choice pieces representing the ability of the musicians to create a variety of story emotions for the play. The second album is a broader cross-section of Balinese music. The production techniques used adds a mysterious luster to the sound quality of the music, making it indeed the more exotic of the two.

The female voice making non-verbal passages, perhaps most popularized by Yoko Ono's stylings, was recently called "esoteric" by a streetwalker in San Francisco, which allows us to quickly discuss Patty Waters. To my knowledge she has only two albums out, the one which I have, COLLEGE TOUR, being the lesser of the two, I've been told. She's got a wispy jazz voice when singing lyrics but she and her free-music accompanists tend to improvise allowing Patty to use her voice as an instrument with sounds ranging from emotional groans to barking to renditions of the wind whispering to variations of a saxophone. While in this field, I've noticed that on YOKO ONO/PLASTIC ONO BAND and on FLY, that John Lennon plays some of his meanest guitar while backing up his mate. And also that an understanding of Yoko's Japanese background and that country's musical structures leads to a better comprehension of where she's coming from when she opens her mouth.

Also relative to the Beatle family is the RADHA KRISHNA TEMPLE on Apple (SKAO 3376) produced by George Harrison. It's a masterpiece of recorded religious music, evidenced by the opening cut, the orchestrated "Govinda." Utilizing male and female chanting, bells, drums and stringed instruments common to the Krishna culture, the members of the London temple under the invaluable guidance of guru George have laid down a record that is a rare taste of cosmic entertainment.

An earlier indication of Harrison's interest in Indian music is his soundtrack for a seemingly invisible movie, WONDERWALL (Apple ST 3350). The music hints towards the love affair between native Indian music and the psychedelic/surreal music so popular to Western culture in the late Sixties. It's one helluva record in that the musicianship of the Indian and English players is at a peak high. The style of both types of music used can be claimed to be unheard of. Being as high as WONDERWALL can take you, the same breath must praise two other soundtracks: the original Electric Flag's music for THE TRIP (Sidewalk ST 5908) and Ravi Shankar's score for another seemingly invisible film, CHAPPAQUA (Columbia OS 3230). The Trip was a most American movie as the original Electric Flag was a most American band. The

music, standing alone, is most psychedelic, if for no other reason than it's flash variety. Touching on themes as widely ranged as oriental, spacy, spooky, pure commercialism, jazzy, orchestral and trippy, the record evokes the strong desire for a taste of more. The Shankar record is on Columbia's Masterworks series and rightly so. The film itself deals with the autobiographical tale of Conrad Rooks' own involvement with heroin addiction. Naturally, a movie dealing with opiates and heroin would have a surreal aura, that which Ravi, through dedication and sincerity towards the project, has perfectly captured. The music is a well-structured blend of jazz and Indian musics that lends itself euphorically to a recreation of the sensitivities of life under altered senses. Ravi whips out sitar riffs in his virtuoso style and has created a fascinating foundation from which his fellow musicians fill the air with this odd feeling.

Another fine record in Columbia's Masterworks series is MOONDOG (MS 7335). Louis Hardin, in the person of Moondog, is a 56-year-old blind composer who has his rhythmic foot in the avant garde far out and his melodic/harmonic foot planted firmly in the European traditional classicism. That is to say, that behind your average Moondog-composed rhythm is a taste of semi-familiar classical music, both taken to the horizons of this man's particular genius. Moondog's second LP is a collection of 26 rounds ("row, row, row your boat" is a basic round) mostly four part, but some are five, six, or even seven part rounds, both lyrically and instrumentally. The one familiar Hardin-penned round, "All Is Loneliness," which was done by Big Brother and the Holding Company on their Mainstream recording debut, is also included here. The second LP may be a bit too esoteric for almost everyone, but on an off evening, it seems all too right.

Previously, an English duo called Tyrannosaurus Rex would be an elite candidate for the mystical side of esoterica. But times change; name changes and style changes have brought us to the present state of T. Rex affairs. Rex's first two albums (previously available only as imports, now as an A&M special-priced, two record set) were acoustical, and less rockish (raucous) than anything later and much more aligned to almost child-like tales of tall lore. Bolan sang/chanted to his own odd style of string plucking along with Steve Peregrin Took's varied percussive patterns. At this stage the two records, MY PEOPLE WERE FAIR AND HAD SKY IN THEIR HAIR... BUT NOW THEY'RE CONTENT TO WEAR STARS ON THEIR BROW and PROPHETS, SEERS AND SAGES THE ANGELS OF AGES, remain as evidence of the unadulterated, raw talent that Bolan does possess and are only somehow strangely relatable to the T. Rex at hand.

And while still in England, let's talk of John McLaughlin's first solo album, DEVOTION (Douglas 4), which was recorded in New York with Buddy Miles playing some of his best licks ever and the elusive butterfly organist Larry Young and Billy Rich on bass. The music flows dramatically, revealing in cascading textures McLaughlin's technical perfection while the other players do dance steps in the dark clouds of a restful fade-away. This LP is a definite yes for heavy music lovers and should be scored by all true-blues among the faddist Orchestra lovers.

With a little Japanese incense and KOTO AND FLUTE (World Pacific 1424) by Kimio Eto and Bud Shank, you can fly on magic lotus petals to an oriental temple garden where meditative moments will wrap your body in thought bliss. Eto is a much acclaimed master kotoist (a 13-stringed instrument) while Shank is an American five-star quality flute player. The almost natural feelings that Shank has for the alien koto melodies are stunning to hear — matched only by Eto's expertise in interplay. It's a very mellow record ideal for short oriental vacationers who wear headphones. A whole record of gentle flute and mysterious koto melodies.

A real obscure ditty TANYET by the Ceyleib People (Vault LP 117) is from the Summer of Love era, a product of some off hours and on hours of a group of LA studio musicians like Mike Deasy, Larry Knetchel, Joe Osborne, Jim Gordon, Jim Horn and Ry Cooder. It's a fiction fantasy made sweeter to the ears by the lack of vocal attempts. Relatable to WONDERWALL and CHAPPAQUA

Continued on Page 22

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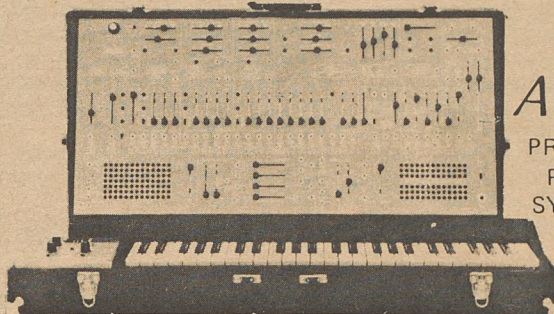
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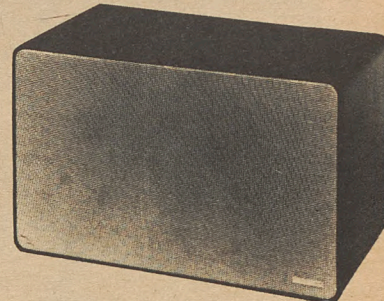
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PERFORMANCE

By JAY ALAN QUANTRIL

PIPPIN

Opera House at Kennedy Center

After a disappointing beginning with *THE LINCOLN MASK*, the new theater season took a major turn for the better with the opening of *PIPPIN*. This is the new musical written by Roger O. Hirson and Stephen Schwartz and staged by Bob Fosse, and I can see no reason why it won't last for a long, long time.

The production abounds in visual splendor and spectacle. The conception is not so much original as it is a fresh synthesis of styles and concepts which have been used in various ways in the past. It's one of those shows which uses every trick in the book and then some; for the creators are hell-bent on keeping the

audience entertained. Only in the later moments does the show slow down, perhaps from the sheer weight of all that's gone before. But luckily, the tempo picks up again and we're off for the final push through to the promised great grand finale.

audience entertained. Only in the later moments does the show slow down, perhaps from the sheer weight of all that's gone before. But luckily, the tempo picks up again and we're off for the final push through to the promised great grand finale.

The conception is simple, but the results are complex. We are ostensibly being presented the story of Charlemagne's oldest son, Pippin, who is educated, sensitive, and looking for a purpose in life. He goes through stages like war, politics, sex, etc., looking for his niche. Whether or not he finds it and what the outcome is you must see for yourself. But I will say that you will be more than entertained as you watch the superb direction of Bob Fosse. His style of choreography fits perfectly into the scheme and along side the music of Stephen Schwartz. About the music: it's satisfactory; it serves the show and occasionally makes a statement of its own, but as in most of Mr. Schwartz' work, there is very little to remember, only the rare phrase to excite. Visually, however, the show radiates a magnificent glow. Tony Walton's scenery and Patricia Zipprodt's costumes are destined to be singled out for some sort of award. Here is the kind of difficult project that makes for real creativity.

Without question, the performance of the evening was that of Ben Vereen, playing the leading player of the company of actors who are presenting this play about Pippin. His is the kind of role which makes stars, and Vereen is the man to keep your eye on. The role is not unlike that of the Master of Ceremonies in *CABARET*, or the Leader of the Chorus in *ZORBA*, both projects of Harold Prince with whom Bob Fosse has worked on numerous occasions. The rest of the cast includes John Rubenstein playing the central character, Pippin. This role also has similarities with others of recent vintage, but even more than with the Leading Player, Pippin is the kind of role that has become a cliché in its own time. It's another one of those puny, frustrated, searching, young, American anti-heroes. Born out of the Vietnam

conflict and the resistance to the draft, this archtypical leading man has cropped up in various guises in such plays as *HAIR*, *JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR*, *GODSPELL*, and others not to exclude *EASY RIDER*, *THE GRADUATE*, and so forth.

Like Voltaire's *Candide* (also the subject of a musical) Pippin tries a little bit of everything in life. He rejects nothing (not even war) in his search for his niche. John Rubenstein's portrayal of the character is as vivid as you can be with such an empty personality. He brings warmth and charm and confusion and frustration and a willingness to try, and a desire for almost any answer. . . but as you may notice from the above listing, he has not one strong positive characteristic. That's not easy to play. . . and Rubenstein does it justice. His voice could be fuller, but with Schwartz's music, it's not much of a problem.

Irene Ryan is given one scene to steal as



Ben Vereen is the Leading Player in *PIPPIN*

the grandmother Berthe. She does everything required with her own brand of charm, which is beguiling, and manages to make the audience want more. Opening night she was not allowed to give them more, and so the audience went away unable to get the encore they were set up to beg for. To be sure, it was the style and the performance, not the tune, that did the trick.

Oh! There was also the old follow-the-bouncing-ball gimmick involving a large placard on which the music and lyric for the chorus of Granny's song were written out in Old English letters. It failed to spur the audience toward any vocalization, mainly due to the complexities of the tune, thus pointing up the mediocrity and sometimes inappropriateness of the score. Leland Palmer almost stole the show in the second act with a magnificently choreographed number that shows she's got all it takes to follow in Mrs. Fosse's (Gwen Verdon's) foot-steps as a singing-dancing Broadway superstar. Jill Clayburgh plays Pippin's eventual wife with more charm than the part deserves. She is forced to plod her way through the dullness of all the episodes in *PIPPIN*, and it's a tribute to her that there was as little coughing (always a sign of boredom) in the audience as there was. The rest of the cast including Eric Berry who often could not be understood, and Patrick Hines, who is funny just walking across the stage. . . all of them worked their hearts out doing everything Bob Fosse's genius could conjure up for the delight of the patrons.

PIPPIN is a show with a fair to weak script that is not the equal of its visualization. Would that the author could plumb the depths of the situations; would that the characters had more character — one and all; would that the lessons learned by the bland boy had more than the homespun sentimentality that is the basis of its conclusions — if this could be done, then *PIPPIN* would be worthy of what Msrs. Fosse and Walton and Miss Zipprodt have paraded before our bedazzled eyes. No more

really need be said about the score — quite true to the mark set with *GODSPELL*, Stephen Schwartz as a composer is immensely over-rated. But thank you Mr. Ostrow! The conception is brilliant, the production is fantastic, and it's bound to bring joy to the multitudes.

I AM A WOMAN

Arena/Kreeger Theatre

The Arena Stage organization has grown beyond the basic format that is the pattern of most, if not all, regional theaters. The subscription series that the Arena offers this year is but a part of its season. While most theaters like the Washington Theatre Club have a full schedule of plays that fill the whole season offered on their subscription plans, Arena Stage this season is offering at least two other productions to Washington audiences, and in its subscription plan of eight plays in repertory of which subscribers can choose one. This is a healthy sign for the country's leading resident professional theater; it demonstrates that imaginative planning is still possible, and that the theaters can be used for various types of projects.

The first offering of Arena's 1972 - 1973 season is one of the non-subscription shows, Viveca Lindfors' *I AM A WOMAN*, in the Arena/Kreeger Theatre. It's a tour de force conceived and arranged by and starring Miss Lindfors. Its subject, as clearly indicated in the title, is women. It is not, I repeat, not, a women's liberation diatribe. You will not be accosted by a continual harrangue against malechauvinist pigs. They will, of course, be mentioned from time to time, but the focus is on women, not men. Of course, to define women necessitates men and vice versa. Viveca Lindfors chose her material from a wide variety of sources and points of view, covering a multitude of problems which are innately feminine. Sequences from the theater include cuttings from such dramas as *THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK*, *OTHELLO*, and *THE GOOD WOMAN OF SEZUAN* and range over the whole gamut of scripts to include a monologue from the Broadway comedy hit, *LOVERS AND OTHER STRANGERS*. Interviews culled from news papers, articles selected from magazines, a piece on Marilyn Monroe, sections on Freudian psychology by Dr. George Spelvin — all are included and yet represent only a small portion of the material presented.

The overall impression of the show is not unlike a revue on the subject of women. There are songs, one-liners, more drama than one would expect, but still the impression of a revue is there. In fact, if there were any criticism of the material or the conception that is *I AM A WOMAN*, it would be that given the abundance of serious matter, perhaps a stronger thread is necessary to hold it all together. The revue constantly bombards the audience with production numbers and jokes and songs: the entertainment value of the individual pieces is

sufficient to qualify them for inclusion. But when you are presented with think pieces of drama written by some of the world's best writers, it is the ideas which are of importance. And in a revue of this nature, it should be the relationship of the ideas presented that holds it together. We are obviously not expected to consider our time as being merely frivolously whiled away. So what are we to think about? The answer is obvious: women. And what are we to think about them? Nothing in particular and everything in general. This seems to be Miss Lindfors' point and it is well, if not overly, made. And any other selection of material would tend to bias the results. Yet the problem of cohesiveness remains.

What I'm saying is that the point of the show tends to help it fall apart. So go expecting to react to no bias, nor even any other point of view than that women are human beings to be considered only for each one's individual worth.

All this is handsomely produced in the simplest of ways. An extremely simple setting, a mere handful of costume pieces. An occasional prop. Nothing more. And yet all, including an intricate lighting plot, are used cleverly and to their best effect.

The performance lacks the variety of the material, but not so much as to greatly deter from the effect. Miss Lindfors is a pleasure to watch. One only wishes she had a greater range so as to give us a wider view of woman. At times the performance seemed rather self-indulgent, lacking the discipline required to project so many different individuals. Some worked beautifully, some of the material transcended the performance. Only the Shakespeare seemed a total loss. But on the whole, the project succeeds in what appears to be its basic purpose, and all are satisfied. . . not passionately so. . . but merely. In any event, it is a pleasure to have a show that states the case for women so realistically. Hopefully, it'll get the men to thinking, too.

THE LINCOLN MASK

Eisenhower Theater at Kennedy Center

If you're the kind of person who finds people fascinating and you like to understand them and all their eccentricities, you may have the makings of a playwright. Of course, you may also make a good psychiatrist, but I want to talk about playwrights.

Now suppose you do a lot of research about a famous character and you dig up a lot of facts about him. And let's say the facts tend to prove he is as great as he is thought to be, but for reasons not entirely like those for which he has become revered by the masses. You continue to dig and you find out that this person and, in fact, a

Continued on next page



Viveca Lindfors author and star of *I AM A WOMAN*

number of other persons involved in his life are excitingly different. You then decide you have a treasure chest of fantastic material for a play. And your play will dispell the myth and bring into focus the real character and all the attendant characters involved in the dramatic incidents of this person's life and times.

But wait!
There's one problem: what's the play about? I know it's about the characters, but what is the plot? His life? Oh! So merely to tell his life story — that's the plot. You better be careful, there's a big difference between life and art. You may have to do some altering of the facts so that problems like dramatic unity and cause-and-effect can be solved.

But you don't want to change the facts? Oh! Well, then you'd better write a biography.

Yet, if you persist in this nagging desire to write a play, well, you're just liable to end up with something like THE LINCOLN MASK. Mr. Longhi, the lawyer who wrote THE LINCOLN MASK, has a handy way with a scene (occasionally) and some of his dialogue works wondrously well (though not enough to fill up the playing time). Yet the overall problem with the work, aside from the fact that Mr. Longhi's style and point of view are in opposition to the material he has chosen, is just what we've been talking about: he has neglected to tell us a complete story. What he has done is selected a number of anecdotal sequences from the life of Abraham and Mary Lincoln and set them in chronological order, placing them within the performance of OUR AMERICAN COUSIN at Ford's Theater on the night Lincoln was shot.

The trouble with this is that the incidents are so loosely connected as to be episodic, and only associated by the characters' similarity. No solid causal relationship between the incidents seems to exist at all. As a result, the attention of the audience soon becomes distracted — particularly since there is no act break and the two-and-a-quarter hour duration begins to take its toll.



Had Mr. Longhi used his enthusiasm for and knowledge of the Lincolns in a shorter portion of the life of Lincoln, drawing the threads of fewer of the intricate incidents with more finesse and detail, we would be interested in the "what" that should be happening as well as being awed by Longhi's knowledge of the "who." Additionally, it appears that a lot of what is believed about the Lincolns is, in the author's attitude, due to bad press, to gossip and to stories fabricated by those who lived around the Lincolns. Why not bring this part of the drama to life? It would better serve Longhi's purpose than merely showing us the Lincolns as they really were (in his estimate). So many of the things the author attempts to correct seem too far from what we've been taught. And though our misconceptions are not his fault, they are his concern. He's taken up the challenge of proving what the Lincolns really were, and only by showing the myth and the reality can we begin to correct our misconceptions. Being presented only with the author's "corrected version," we are naturally going to suspect inaccuracy. It is our failing perhaps, but it is also the circumstance within which the playwright

must exist. And the looseness of the plot requires us to use our knowledge to fill in the gaps, and it's our knowledge which he says is inaccurate. A critic once said that a playwright should never write a play that too greatly challenged the beliefs of the audience, for he will be judged in error.

Though I don't agree, I would say that both sides should be demonstrated and the basis for both beliefs made clear, if a rational audience is to make a reasonable adjustment in its thinking.

Now, about the gimmick of placing the Lincoln scenes within the fateful performance of OUR AMERICAN COUSIN. I can only say that if as Richard L. Coe of the Washington Post has said, that the purpose was to demonstrate how quickly stage conventions change while the truth remains constant, then the point is lost in the presentation. And it's not entirely director Gene Frankel's fault. Gene Frankel has fashioned the production of THE LINCOLN MASK with historical pageantry and a lot of color. But the problems in the script are not hidden in the theatrics of Frankel — indeed, they become even clearer because of it.

BOX SCORES

WHERE	WHAT	WHEN
** Arena/Kreeger	I AM A WOMAN Critics: Post, unfavorable; Star, Mixed; WOODWIND: See this issue.	through Oct. 13
* Eisenhower/ Kennedy Center	THE LINCOLN MASK Critics: Post, mixed; Star, unfavorable; WOODWIND: See this issue.	through Oct. 6
*** Ford's Theatre	GODSPELL Critics: WOODWIND: favorable; all others, raves.	open end; at least through Nov. 5
+ National Theatre	THE ROTHSCHILDS Critics: Not yet reviewed	through Oct. 21
** O Street Theatre	SENIOR PROM WOODWIND: Favorable.	open end through Oct.
*** Opera House/ Kennedy Center	PIPPIN Critics: Post, rave; Star, favorable; WOODWIND: See this issue	through Oct. 13
*** Washington Theatre Club	THE SPREAD EAGLE PAPERS Critics: Post and Star, favorable; WOODWIND: See next issue.	through Nov. 5

RECOMMENDATIONS:

- **** Rave
- *** Favorable
- ** Mixed
- * Unfavorable
- () Pan, unquestionable failure
- + Not reviewed, for any
number of reasons

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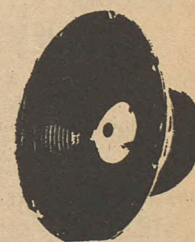
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POETRY

by

Joel Arsenault

a dead bee in heaven speaks

my striped shirt, my furred struts my
furniture disappeared with me
dragging upward
from the dark scented comb, zig
zagging from corner to corner

like a clay duck dreaming
on an endless string
the flowers

i breathed into whose dust
i wore through the azure
you made my joints jump
like the brassy pistons
on a trumpet, not a runner's
second breath but with
a second thirst that twists
you out of
the shaking harness of day

but now my own pale cells
will not stop circling
slow, cimmerian
like bored sheep counting
each other
or courting
deadpan as compass needles

we have soon forgot
the heart direction
bend and not, nod
like the lightest milkpods
floating in the lightest wind

Cat Autopsy

I sleuth into the quick of cat
Sherlock of the circuits
that trembled the synapses
that sparked
Car your windless naves your
dark closets to confess in
are parting open
I am a lost Bedouin maundering
into your sparse ventral landscape:
vortex apex con
clusion where? Where?
chattering like that mild mouse you
monkeyshined to an end with
cornered then made wear
the duncecap starred with death,
a wet grain of salt
in the dogdays of your breath
cul-de-sac, yes, up a different
staircase, into another
box, but I have read
my own tumbled house of cards
peering dumb
into your uncared unlocked garden



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by

Rose Gibson

There.
It is a yellow snap
(Not gold)
Holding something into place,
Fastening our earthy britches
At the top.

Now.
Some unthink it just
A cut-out
Pasted onto houses of blue air:
One flamboyant star
For an A-plus page.

Here.
Mercury, tongue tie

Here.
Mercury, tongue-trying,
Lingers
Near the open-shut device
Whose blurring features fix
A fate in me.

Ebullient days
(We were balloons and sidewalk saints)
Camp in my mind tonight,
Burning driftwood, telling tales.

Incredible
There were no symbols save ourselves
And a fair-featured God
Who gave us candy in our dreams.

Now vespertine,
We save our colors, piece our quilts,
Hoard bits of truth in metaphor.
And what we cannot be, we are.

I would not tell your secrets,
But would tarry in your silence
If you wanted.
If you wanted me
I would be swift enough
To discover all your faces.
To embrace your mystery.

I can see the woods in you,
The growing and the leaving haunts.
I would hunt.
I would hunt there
For your name, your webs,
Your quiet bosky features,
Hidden creatures crouching low.

You are terrible and tempting,
You are beautiful and blessing.
My one heart.
My one, my heart
Would gladly madly love.
I would not tell your secrets.
I am burdened - please tell mine.

Cinder Sunday has arrived
With branding fingers has arrived.
Flaming forte of the soul
the soul

Each fear surmounts a former fear
Pinching the self into a pulse
That blurts a cursing code in fire
in fire

When spirits peer beyond the pales
Without religion's spectacles
Van Gogh verdicts scream and scorch
and scorch

Comes salvation to the man
Becoming man? When hell has played
Its schizophrenic piece, will he come home
come home
come home

When the swallowing of gold occurs
Remember our panache:
Bright collected revelations of the blood.
Remember quick gray squirrels,
Limb to limb creatures, and then
Remember how we passed night's pipe of peace.

When the russet woman moans your name.
Calls you to hunt her groins,
I will seek a forest father and be gone.
My soul is an old squaw
Chanting fables to the stars.
Remember, Love, how holy this chamade.

fossils

depositing
my juice, my fleshy fruit
upon your stone
i sense a hammering of hues!
time traps me in you.

cotyledons
peeled an infant fiber
greenness wept
but was absorbed so magically:
we both were soft then.

collecting
carbon, whorls of body-soul
you catch this kiss
my love our surfaces adhere:
we print our peace.

There are flutterings in the basement -
Satan Santas fly by night
Juggling solar tangerines.
They plop like evil.

Fruited by the intra-cellar
Quite bat-like, hearing my way,
Birdness of this dark blends wine -
Wing mysticism.

Above my fevered earth-hole
Vine and vinegar households
Keep their polished people dry.
But lord I thirst!

Marvelous dog,
How you flopping body sinks,
Sinews, filaments all sighing.
Some snug wiring in your tail
Works that wag.

Water-eyed dog,
Wearing innocent inquiring,
Early ears perk, fold in time,
Tuned to noises, noddings, nearings,
Exploration.

Dog, o good ol boy,
Do you tire of snoozing, sniffing,
snaring strokes from naked hands?
I, too, am flea-pestered
Reek of poetry.



Woodwind

THE SANTA CLAUS HOAX

By JUDITH LAURA

[Ed. Note: Judith Laura's first novel will be published by Olympia in England, France, Germany and Italy in late autumn, and in the U.S. a few months later. In writing the novel, whose subject is the oppression of women, Judith Laura Levine Willis dropped her two male-appended names. The following is the first chapter of a second novel on which she is currently working.]

"There is no Santa Claus."

We were sitting in the livingroom of our tiny post World War II apartment — my mother called it a pig pen but it wasn't that bad — and there was a large Christmas present I had just started to unwrap on the floor in front of me. My mother and father sat opposite me, the present between us. They were looking down at me from far above me though they, too, were sitting on the floor. I had stopped unwrapping the present because of what one of them had just said.

"There is no such person as Santa Claus," one of them said again.

"Yes there is," I told them. "I heard him on the roof last night."

"You couldn't have heard him on the roof because there is no such person."

"Yes I did. I heard him on the roof. I heard the jingle bells before I went to sleep. They didn't believe me. They only laughed and said, 'Oh no. It was only your imagination.'"

But he hadn't been my imagination. I had heard the thumping of the reindeer on the roof. And those jingle bells — that couldn't have been my imagination. Even though the bells were still jingling, I had made myself go to sleep because otherwise Santa wouldn't come down the chimney and through our closet (we had no fireplace) into our livingroom where he left toys for me every year just like he did for all the other children. True, we didn't have a pretty tree like everybody else, but what really mattered was the presents. So Mommy and Daddy could say it was my imagination all they wanted. I knew what I had heard.

"Sweetie, your mother and I decided to tell you the truth because we decided it wasn't right that we celebrate Christmas anymore."

Wasn't right to celebrate Christmas? But what did that have to do with Santa Claus being real?

"Why can't we celebrate Christmas? Won't I get any more presents?"

"Yes. You'll still get presents, but not on Christmas."

"When then?"

"On Chanuka. Christmas isn't our holiday. Christmas is a gentile holiday. The gentiles made up Santa Claus but he isn't really real."

The gentiles, I knew, were people who weren't as good as we were. They weren't as smart or something. Whatever it was, for some reason they were always making up people who weren't real. Like Jesus. We weren't going to celebrate Christmas anymore because Mommy and Daddy found out that there wasn't such a person as Santa Claus. The gentiles hadn't found out. They probably never would. The gentiles believed Santa Claus was real, Mommy and Daddy said, so I mustn't tell any of my friends in kindergarten — especially the gentle ones — that Santa Claus was just made up. It was a secret. I promised not to tell anybody and tried to feel proud that I knew something other kids didn't. Still, I had heard Santa Claus's sleigh bells on the roof the night before. Could it be that Mommy and Daddy really didn't know? That they believed there wasn't any Santa Claus when really there was, only they didn't know about him? Maybe I would be able to find out next Christmas. I planned to listen very hard for the jingle bells next Christmas, and, then, I'd know they were wrong. In the meantime, there was no use arguing. They would never believe me anyhow.

Pretty soon I realized that Santa Claus must be like Jesus. We didn't believe in him either. The gentiles thought he was God but we knew better. Mommy had told me all about it when I was in nursery school. Every day in nursery school after we hung up our coats, we said the Pledge Allegiance To The Flag and sang "Yes, Jesus Loves Me." One day I asked Mommy who Jesus was.

Mommy was playing her piano when I came in from nursery school. That day we learned another song about Jesus. About Jesus when he was a little baby. It went: "Away in a manger no crib for his bed, the little Lord Jesus lay down his sweet head. The

cattle were lowing, the poor baby wakes; but little Lord Jesus no crying he makes." I was singing it as I took off my boots. Mommy stopped playing the piano.

"Where did you learn that?" she asked.

I was scared because her tone of voice was the same as that time I told her "go to hell" when she wouldn't let me go over Elaine's to play. She was always saying that to Daddy so I didn't know why she got so upset, but she did and she washed my mouth out with soap to teach me a lesson so I wouldn't do it again. It had tasted terrible but she kept swishing soapsuds in my mouth until I started throwing up. That's what she sounded like she wanted to do now. Stuff some soap in my mouth to get it clean.

I told her I learned that song about little Lord Jesus in nursery school.

"Do you sing any other songs," she stopped and her face got red. I thought she was going to hit me. "About Jesus?"

"Yes. We sing Jesus Loves Me Yes I Know For The Bible Tells Me So."

"You sing it?"

"Yes. We have to or go sit in the dunce chair."

"I don't want you to sing about Jesus," she said. But she didn't look as angry as before. In fact it was like she wasn't talking to me at all, but to a big empty nobody in the middle of the room.

"Why can't I sing the songs, Mommy? Who's Jesus?"

"Jesus isn't real and we don't believe in him. The gentiles believe in him. They think he's God. But they're wrong and I don't want you singing about him."

"But I have to Mommy or I'll have to go sit in the dunce chair."

"Well, all right, but don't whine," she sighed at the big nobody. "Just remember you don't believe in him. You're Jewish. You believe in God."

After that whenever I had to sing one of those Jesus songs in nursery school I felt all slimy, and the inside of my mouth tasted awful when the song was over. Whenever we came to the word "Jesus" I just moved my mouth but didn't let any singing come out. That way I was singing the song so I wouldn't get put in the dunce chair, but I wasn't singing about Jesus so Mommy wouldn't get mad. I sang: "Yes... loves me, Yes... loves me. Yes... loves me. The Bible tells me so." But I felt all slimy anyway.

The next year when I was in kindergarten I noticed that all the other children got dressed up Sunday mornings and went somewhere. I would be standing there in my overalls when they came home around lunch time and sometimes they'd ask me why I didn't go to Sunday School. I asked my mother and she said maybe I would next year. Next year came. It was the night before the first day of school. Starting the next day I was going to stay in school the whole day and eat lunch there, too. Mommy led me into my bedroom before the Jack Benny Show. She said if I stayed up to listen to it that night I would be tired the next day. Besides, she said, she had something she wanted to talk to me about. First, though, she read me my story. The one about the little girl with golden hair that takes a basket through the woods to her grandmother who is really a wolf. But the woodsman gets him in the end. After she read the story, Mommy said: "What would you rather do this year, you can have your choice, take piano lessons or go to Sunday School."

Oh I was so happy. I didn't think they would really let me go to Sunday School like the rest of the kids. I thought it was just one of those things they kept promising me but never really did. "Sunday School," I said, not hesitating a minute.

Mommy looked surprised. "Are you sure?" she said.

"Oh yes. I want to go to Sunday School."

"But what about the piano lessons? Wouldn't you like to learn how to play the piano?"

It had never occurred to me. Why should I want to learn to play the piano? All the other kids went to Sunday School. "No, I

insisted. I want to go to Sunday School. Will it be the same Sunday School as Elaine and Jimmy go to?"

"No. Everybody goes to a different Sunday School. You're Jewish, so you would go to a Jewish Sunday School. Maybe the one Janie goes to. But wouldn't you rather learn how to play the piano? I'll teach you how, and you can go to Sunday School next year."

"No. I want to go to Sunday School this year."

"Don't you want to learn how to play the piano?"

"No. I want to go to Sunday School this year."

"I think you should learn how to play the piano."

"I want to go to Sunday School. You told me to pick Sunday School or the piano and I picked Sunday School."

By this time Daddy was in the bedroom too. His face came down at me and he asked me why I didn't want to take piano lessons.

"Because I want to go to Sunday School," I told him.

"She says she'd rather go to Sunday School. I was so sure she'd pick piano lessons. What do you think we ought to do?" Mommy asked him.

"How can you even ask? You know how much the Conservative shul wants for us to send her there. We can't afford that this year. Maybe I'll get a raise next year. Or maybe we'll find a cheaper place. I told you I'll ask around," he was yelling. "But I can't afford that Conservative shul." He turned and went out of my bedroom. I didn't know what I had done to make him mad though.

Mommy put her arm around me and said, "Won't it be fun to learn how to play the piano?"

"I want to go to Sunday School. You said I could."

"You can. But next year. This year you'll learn how to play the piano." Mommy was getting mad at me, too.

I hated to cry in front of Mommy. But sometimes I couldn't help it. She asked me why I was crying. "Because you asked me to choose and I chose Sunday School."

"You will go to Sunday School, but not this year. This year you'll learn how to play the piano. You'll like that much better."

"No I won't. I want to go to Sunday School."

"You will next year. I promise."

"But I want to go this year."

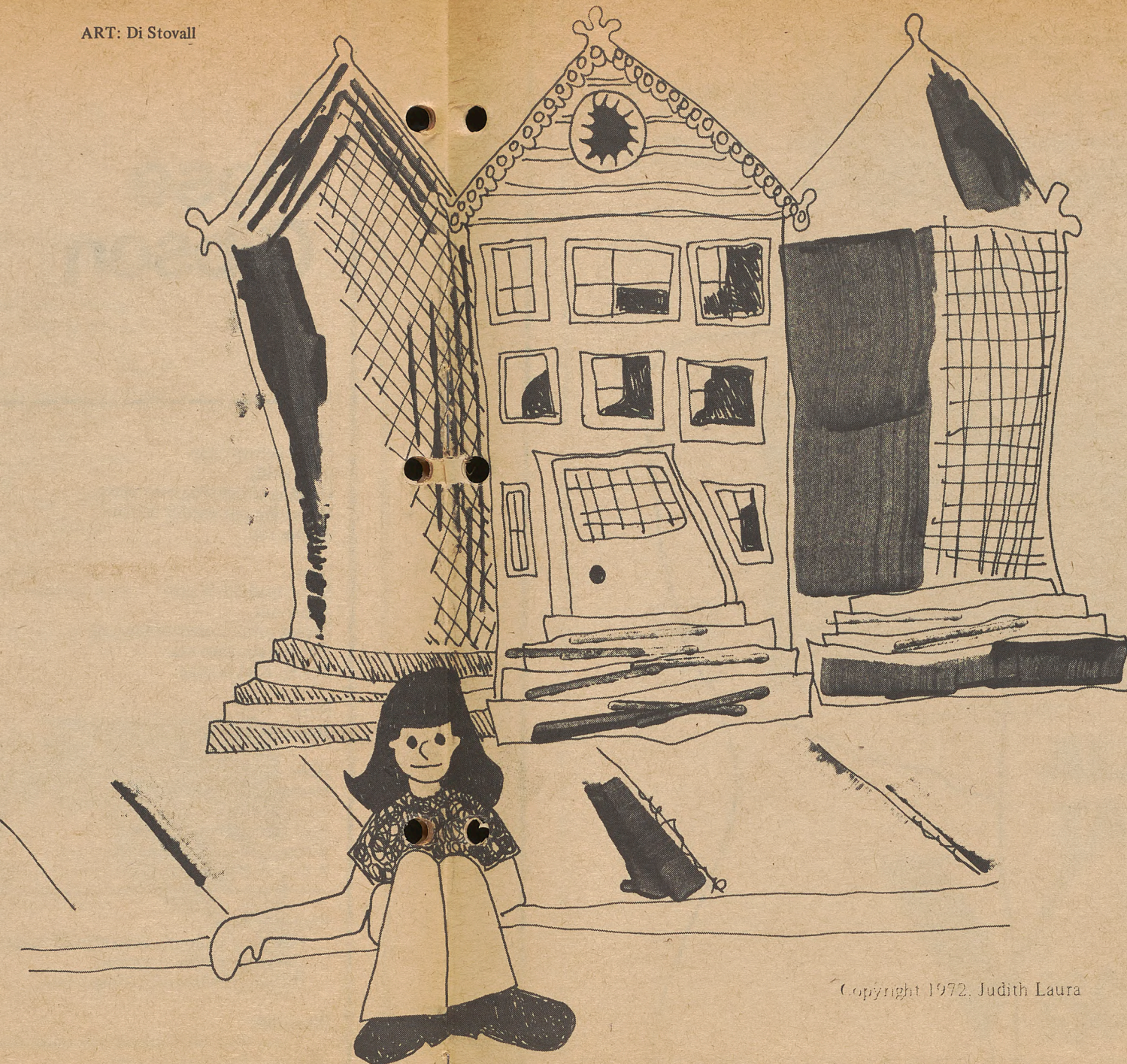
"Now stop that crying. It's nothing to cry about. Go to sleep. Tomorrow is the first day of school." She had gotten up from my bed and the light was off.

I tried one last plea, even though I knew she'd never change her mind: "I want to go to Sunday School. I don't want to learn the piano."

"Good night," she said, outside the door already. You could tell by the way she said it she was really mad at me.

When we lined up next to the building to go into the school the first day of kindergarten, the first graders sang to us, "Kindergarten babies. Stick your head in gravy." It made me mad and I cried because I wasn't a baby. Even Mel sang the song and that made me cry more. Mel was my friend who lived across the street. But I didn't really like him. He said he had to walk home from school because he was older and he could protect me. Every day when we went through the woods — well, it wasn't really woods but on the corner of our block there was a place that sloped down from the street and it had a whole lot of trees and something called a ravine that was some water trickling through the woods, and there was a path by the water, and then the land sloped up again and when you came out you were way around the corner on the next block. It was a short cut. Well, everyday on the way home from school — it was only on the way home because my mother walked me to school because I was in the afternoon kindergarten and Mel was already there because he was a first grader. So every day on the way home from school, as we started down the slope of the short cut, Mel tried to put his arm around me and I pushed him away. This happened every day but I didn't tell my mother because she would be mad. I did tell her I didn't want to walk home with Mel any more, but when she asked why I wouldn't tell her so she said I was being silly. One day Mel said to me, "Why won't you let me put my arm around you?" I told him because I didn't want him to. Then he tried to put his arm around me but I pushed him away and ran from him down the path along the ravine and up the slope on the other side to the sidewalk on our block. I was crying when I got home but I didn't tell Mommy why. The next day I was really scared when Mel and I started walking down the slope because I knew he was going to try it again. He tried to put his arm around me and I pushed him away. Then he said, "Look up in the sky at that plane. Do

ART: Di Stovall



you see it?"

"Yes," I said, craning my neck up. It was a bomber all the way up above the clouds. Then I felt his hand on my shoulder again and I pushed it away.

"You better let me put my arm around you if you don't want to get bombed," he said.

"We're going to get bombed?" I was scared. We were having a war with the Germans who were always on the way over to bomb us. And there was that German plane up there ready to drop a bomb on us.

"The pilot's going to drop the bomb and we'll be dead unless you let me put my arm around you," Mel said.

"How do you know?"

"I know the pilot can see us. If he sees me put my arm around you that's a secret signal and he won't bomb us."

So I let him. And he walked slow on purpose. Down by the ravine that smelled bad. I stumbled over roots of trees because they were hidden by red and yellow and brown leaves that had come tumbling down. I moved away from him as soon as we were up the slope and onto our street so nobody would see that I had let him put his arm around me.

Mel wanted me to be his girl friend, but I hated him. One day I was playing with him and Chris, a boy that lived in the apartment house next door to Mel. Chris was in morning kindergarten. He had red hair. The three of us were digging in the dirt in back of Mel's apartment house when Mel asked me to marry him. Of course I said no. Then Chris asked me to marry him and I said no. Then Mel said: "If there were only the three of us left on earth and you had to choose one of us to marry, who would you pick?"

"Neither of you," I screamed at him. He was really stupid.

"But you have to. This is a game. We're pretending that everybody else is dead because the Germans bombed us but you and me and Chris are still alive and so you have to marry one of us."

"Yeah. Which one will you marry? You have to pick," said Chris.

I stopped digging. I didn't have to play with them. I didn't have to play their stupid game. I told them I wasn't playing anymore and started to go home. But they wouldn't let me. Mel was standing in front of me and Chris behind me and when I tried to run towards my house Mel threw his hands out and jumped around so I couldn't get past him. I tried to

run away from Mel and run around the other side of the house. But when I tried to run that way Chris did the same thing Mel was doing and they were all around me jumping up and down with their hands out and I couldn't go anywhere, and they started yelling: "Which one? Which one?" over and over. And I wanted to go home because I was scared so I had to tell them which one I would marry. I stopped trying to run and sat down again and dug. They sat down too and Mel said, "Well which one?" And I told him to shut up because I was trying to think. And I thought what if the Germans bombed us and the only ones left were me and Mel and Chris. I would have to marry one of them. Which one? I hated Mel. But I couldn't marry Chris because he was gentle.

"Mel, I had to say. 'I'll marry Mel.'"

"I knew it," Mel shouted and jumped up and down.

Actually I wanted to marry Peter who lived down the street who didn't even go to school yet. He was Jewish too. But he wasn't there. He was dead because the Germans had dropped bombs on us.

"Why did you pick Mel?" Chris asked.

"Because he's Jewish," I said.

Mel stopped jumping. "Is that the only reason?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, and they finally let me go home.

I wonder if my saying I would marry him, I wonder if that's why Mel put his hand down my dress the next year when I was in first grade and he was in second.

As I said, I didn't really want to marry Mel. I wanted to marry Peter, but he didn't know it. He didn't even try to kiss me the way Mel and Chris did. We just played together sometimes. Mostly we rode each other's bikes. That summer my Mommy and me and Peter and his mother went on a vacation to Atlantic City and our daddies came to visit on weekends because they had to work during the week. But I didn't get to play with Peter very much because I got the measles. I got them from playing in a pool of salt water that the grownups dug in the sand at the beach for the children to play in because the waves were too high. They had to keep the shades down in my room. One night the doctor said to my mother, "If she gets through the night, then she will get better," and then I went to sleep and the next day I started to get better and the doctor came and gave me a shot of penicillin and I got a rash all over again and my mother thought it was the measles coming back but the doctor said it was from the penicillin and the lady who owned the house we were staying in came in and looked at the rash from the penicillin on my tummy and then she tickled my tummy and I cried because I didn't like to be tickled and then the lady said she was sorry and that she had only been trying to make me happy again. She talked funny because she was from somewhere over the ocean, probably Germany, and she had to leave because they were having a war so she came to Atlantic City and she owned the house that me and Mommy and Peter and his mother were living in. She lived there too. After I got over the measles we were listening to the radio one day when a man came on and said the war was over. The lady whose house it was cried and cried. Mommy and Peter's mother patted her but she just kept on crying anyway. I knew why she was crying. It was because the Germans lost. She must have had a son in the German army and they lost and that was why she was so sad. Maybe her son was going to die because he was in the German Army and we had won so we were going to kill him. She was still crying a little when it was time for her to go into the kitchen to make supper. While she was in the kitchen I told Mommy that the lady was crying so much because she was sad that the Germans lost. Mommy looked surprised and then she started to cry, but then she stopped herself from crying by wiping her eyes with a Kleenex. After she stopped herself from crying she said that the lady was from Armenia, not Germany, and that she was crying because she was so happy. Of course I didn't believe her. Who ever heard of crying because you're happy? And who ever heard of Armenia? Mommy was just making it up so I wouldn't be afraid of the lady because she was German. Everybody knew the Germans were bad because they wanted to kill everyone. The German lady was bad too because the way she talked scared me and she was mean because she was German and that was why she tickled my tummy. The next day our daddies came even though it wasn't a weekend and we all sat on the front porch of the German lady's house and sang, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again, Hurrah, Hurrah" except the German lady didn't sit on the porch and sing with us because she was German. She was in the house crying. In the afternoon we went to a parade and Mommy

and Daddy said waves would be in the parade but I didn't see how waves from the ocean could get in the street, and they didn't. After the parade I told Mommy and Daddy that there weren't any waves in the parade and they said, yes there were. That the waves were ladies. But that was just another one of the stories they made up to fool me. How could the waves in the ocean be ladies.

One day when we were walking down the street in Atlantic City, Mommy asked if I would like a baby sister or brother and of course I said yes because I did. And Mommy said there was a baby in her tummy and pretty soon I would have a sister or a brother but I had to promise to take care of it. I promised.

After the summer we came home back to Trenton and my baby sister, Adrienne, was born and she slept in my room. I didn't play with Peter very much any more because Mommy was mad at his mother because all Peter's mother was worried about when I had the measles was that Peter would catch them, and then Peter moved away. So the only one I had to play with was Mel. He was in second grade and I told him I wrote plays for my dolls sometimes, and so he said we should try to write a play together. So one day in the spring it was raining but it was warm and Mommy made me wear this dress that when I bent over just a little bit you could see right down it. It was red and it didn't have any sleeves, just straps that went over my shoulders. I told her I didn't want to wear it but I didn't tell her why. She said I had to wear it. Then she said I had to go over to Mel's because Mel's mother had called and said that Mel wanted me to come over and we could write a play because it was raining out. I didn't want to go but Mommy said she couldn't stand me moping around the house any more so I took my notebook with lined pages and with room for my name and address on the hard black and white cover and went over to Mel's.

His room was the same as mine but it looked different. He had a bed where mine was, but the cover was just plain brown and mine had purple flowers on it. But the most different thing was that past the bed, by the window, he had a great big desk — bigger even than the ones at school. We didn't have anything like that in our whole house, but he had one in his room. We had a piano, but it was in the livingroom. He sat in a chair in front of his desk and I sat in another chair next to him and we started working very hard on the play. I had already written the first act when I was in bed with a cold. I was writing it for my dolls, but Mel didn't want to write it for my dolls, he wanted to write it for the kids on the block to act out. We started writing the second act in my notebook. Each act had to have three scenes. My Mommy had told me. She had acted in plays when she was in school. Sitting next to Mel at his big desk, I wrote down the words he thought of and then I wrote the ones I thought of. I was concentrating very hard on writing and I saw him looking at where you could see down my dress but I didn't matter because I was just a little girl. I tried to pretend he wasn't looking down my dress because I knew he really wasn't, it was just my imagination.

Why had Mommy made me wear this dress? Didn't she know you could see down it?

We finished the first scene of the second act, and I asked Mel what he thought we should write next and he stood up and then his hand was down the front of my dress. I pushed him away and then he tried to do it again but I kept his hand away and I told him I was going home. But when I reached to get my notebook, Mel grabbed it first. He was bigger than me and when he held it over his head I couldn't reach it but I kept tugging on his arm anyway. Then he threw it under the bed. So fast I didn't even know what he was doing until it was under the bed and I was down on my knees, lifting up the brown bedspread, looking under the bed for my notebook. But it was too far under for me to reach so I told him he better give me back my notebook but he just stood there looking down at me and grinning. Then his mother came in and said, "What's the matter?" I told her Mel threw my notebook under the bed and I couldn't reach it. She yelled at Mel and I was glad and he got under the bed and handed me my notebook and I ran home and when I saw Mommy I cried. She asked me, "What's the matter?" but I was crying so hard I couldn't tell her so she waited for me to stop crying and then asked me what's the matter again. I didn't want to tell her because I knew she would be mad. But it wasn't my fault. She had made me wear the dress that you could see down the front of. I told her nothing was the matter but I still couldn't stop crying.

Then she hollered at me, "You better tell me what's the matter or I'm going to give you a spanking," she said.

I didn't want a spanking, but if I told her

and Daddy said waves would be in the parade but I didn't see how waves from the ocean could get in the street, and they didn't. After the parade I told Mommy and Daddy that there weren't any waves in the parade and they said, yes there were. That the waves were ladies. But that was just another one of the stories they made up to fool me. How could the waves in the ocean be ladies.

One day when we were walking down the street in Atlantic City, Mommy asked if I would like a baby sister or brother and of course I said yes because I did. And Mommy said there was a baby in her tummy and pretty soon I would have a sister or a brother but I had to promise to take care of it. I promised.

After the summer we came home back to Trenton and my baby sister, Adrienne, was born and she slept in my room. I didn't play with Peter very much any more because Mommy was mad at his mother because all Peter's mother was worried about when I had the measles was that Peter would catch them, and then Peter moved away. So the only one I had to play with was Mel. He was in second grade and I told him I wrote plays for my dolls sometimes, and so he said we should try to write a play together. So one day in the spring it was raining but it was warm and Mommy made me wear this dress that when I bent over just a little bit you could see right down it. It was red and it didn't have any sleeves, just straps that went over my shoulders. I told her I didn't want to wear it but I didn't tell her why. She said I had to wear it. Then she said I had to go over to Mel's because Mel's mother had called and said that Mel wanted me to come over and we could write a play because it was raining out. I didn't want to go but Mommy said she couldn't stand me moping around the house any more so I took my notebook with lined pages and with room for my name and address on the hard black and white cover and went over to Mel's.

His room was the same as mine but it looked different. He had a bed where mine was, but the cover was just plain brown and mine had purple flowers on it. But the most different thing was that past the bed, by the window, he had a great big desk — bigger even than the ones at school. We didn't have anything like that in our whole house, but he had one in his room. We had a piano, but it was in the livingroom. He sat in a chair in front of his desk and I sat in another chair next to him and we started working very hard on the play. I had already written the first act when I was in bed with a cold. I was writing it for my dolls, but Mel didn't want to write it for my dolls, he wanted to write it for the kids on the block to act out. We started writing the second act in my notebook. Each act had to have three scenes. My Mommy had told me. She had acted in plays when she was in school. Sitting next to Mel at his big desk, I wrote down the words he thought of and then I wrote the ones I thought of. I was concentrating very hard on writing and I saw him looking at where you could see down my dress but I didn't matter because I was just a little girl. I tried to pretend he wasn't looking down my dress because I knew he really wasn't, it was just my imagination.

Why had Mommy made me wear this dress? Didn't she know you could see down it?

We finished the first scene of the second act, and I asked Mel what he thought we should write next and he stood up and then his hand was down the front of my dress. I pushed him away and then he tried to do it again but I kept his hand away and I told him I was going home. But when I reached to get my notebook, Mel grabbed it first. He was bigger than me and when he held it over his head I couldn't reach it but I kept tugging on his arm anyway. Then he threw it under the bed. So fast I didn't even know what he was doing until it was under the bed and I was down on my knees, lifting up the brown bedspread, looking under the bed for my notebook. But it was too far under for me to reach so I told him he better give me back my notebook but he just stood there looking down at me and grinning. Then his mother came in and said, "What's the matter?" I told her Mel threw my notebook under the bed and I couldn't reach it. She yelled at Mel and I was glad and he got under the bed and handed me my notebook and I ran home and when I saw Mommy I cried. She asked me, "What's the matter?" but I was crying so hard I couldn't tell her so she waited for me to stop crying and then asked me what's the matter again. I didn't want to tell her because I knew she would be mad. But it wasn't my fault. She had made me wear the dress that you could see down the front of. I told her nothing was the matter but I still couldn't stop crying.

Then she hollered at me, "You better tell me what's the matter or I'm going to give you a spanking," she said.

I didn't want a spanking, but if I told her

what happened she would probably spank me anyway. I told her I couldn't tell her because she would be mad and then she didn't holler. She put her arm around me and promised she wouldn't be mad. So I told her: "Mel put his hand down my dress," and I started crying all over again.

"What?" she hollered. "I'm going to speak to his mother about this. Imagine an eight-year-old doing something like that. And from a nice Jewish family, yet." She didn't pay any attention to me anymore. She went into her and Daddy's bedroom where the telephone was. I went into my room but I could hear her yelling at Mel's mother: "Do you know what your son did? He put his hand down my daughter's dress like some kind of shegetz, and now she's hysterical. I hope he'll be punished but good. ... Well, I know he's a boy, but don't you teach him right from wrong? ... Well, let me tell you, if anything like this ever happens again I'll hold you responsible. How are you going to punish him? ... I think you'd better do more than just talk to him, she's hysterical. ... I don't know what you should do but you certainly should do something and I shouldn't have to tell you what. Goodbye."

After that I didn't play with Mel for a long time even though he stood under our livingroom window and called for me every day. Mommy said I should go out and play with him, but I didn't want to play with him. I didn't want to play with anybody. I stayed in the house and wrote my plays myself. And my dolls acted them out.

When I started going out to play again in the summer when it was too hot to stay in the house, I didn't play with any boys any more even though they asked me to. I just played with girls. Mostly I played with Elaine who lived next door. I never liked to play with her that much before because she was a year younger than me, but she was all right. She was Catholic and once when her mother was sick we were playing outside in front of her apartment house with Maryanne and Josephine when a priest came to visit her mother. When I saw the priest I wanted to go home because I knew if he found out I was Jewish he would be mad at me like the Nazis. But Elaine and Josephine and Maryanne wanted me to stay and play with them and I couldn't tell them why I wanted to go home because they weren't Jewish so I stayed. We were playing tag and I was "it" and I even forgot all about the priest but then he came out again when we were resting on the stoop. He patted Elaine on the head and she stood up and then the rest of us stood up and the priest said, "Take good care of your mother, Elaine. And remember to pray to Jesus because he loves you."

"Yes Father," Elaine said.

Then the priest smiled, but I knew he was really mean. All those Catholic priests were mean and the nuns were meaner. In the Catholic schools the nuns hit the children's knuckles with a ruler if they didn't know the answer. The priest was smiling and he patted Josephine's and Maryanne's heads but I ducked away when he tried to pat mine. He said, "You know Jesus loves everybody, but especially you little children."

I had to let him know he couldn't fool me. I knew Jesus wasn't real and if somebody's not real then how can they love you? "Jesus doesn't love me," I told that mean old priest, and I didn't call him Father, either.

"Of course he loves you," the priest said, trying to pat me on the head again.

"Oh no he doesn't. I'm Jewish."

I thought that would make him angry, but it didn't.

"That doesn't matter," the priest said. "Jesus loves you. He loves everybody."

"But he doesn't love me, I'm Jewish."

"It doesn't matter if you're Catholic or Protestant or Jewish. Jesus loves you anyway because he loves everybody."

I didn't stop to say goodbye to Maryanne and Josephine and Elaine. I ran back to my house and up the stairs. Mommy was making supper and she asked me if I had a good time playing outside. I told her there was a priest out there who was trying to convert me but I wouldn't let him.

Mommy said she was glad I didn't let him convert me and then she told me about my great grandmother who was dead now but who had lived in a place that my mother wasn't sure whether it was in Russia or Poland, but it was the town my grandmother who was her mother came from. My other grandma was Grandma Jennie and she gave me candy bars but I hardly ever saw Grandma Jennie because she lived in the Bronx and Grandma Bessie and Grandpa Bennie lived in Manhattan just over the bridge from New Jersey. And we visited them more but they never gave me candy bars but I liked them the best anyway. Grandma Jennie came from the same town that my Grandma Bessie came from and my grandfather who was my Daddy's father came from.

Continued on Page 20

FILMMAKERS

By MICHAEL DAY

Already there has been some commotion stirred up about the New American Film-makers Series which premieres October 9, (at the Baird Auditorium in the Museum of Natural History at 7 pm). But in case you haven't heard about it yet, or are perplexed by all the fanfare, please take note.

These films have caused more excitement among the public, filmmakers, and critics in the New York area than any cinematic event in recent history and the Smithsonian Associates have contracted with the Whitney Museum of Art to run the series outside of New York for the first time. [Times and places are mentioned at the end of this article.]

The series originated at the Whitney as an experiment in exposing the works of American independent filmmakers to a large public, many for the first time. From the beginning, the response was extremely favorable — the films were an immediate and overwhelming success, disproving once and for all the assertion of commercial film producers that there is something inherently inept in the works produced outside the Corporate Camp. On the contrary, these films have already begun to take hold in that part of people's minds previously numbed by visual muzak and reinserted a familiar sense of wonder and fascination.

In less than a decade many of these films and others like them will very surely be as much a part of your life as your records and books are now. Film and video cassettes are already being sold, and wall-sized screens will be common towards the end of the 70's. Names like Jordon Belson and Bruce Baillie will be as well known as Dylan, Plath, and the Dead are today. (Belson, incidentally, is the San Francisco filmmaker/mystic whose vision and techniques Kubrick so ungratefully lifted for the Stargate Corridor sequence at the end of 2001.)

... the messages of society as expressed in the global inter-media network have become totally irrelevant to the needs and actualities of the organism. The situation is equivalent to one's own nervous system transmitting erroneous information about the metabolic and homeostatic condition of one's body.

Gene Youngblood from
EXPANDED CINEMA

[Here is a list and brief description of a few of the films included in Part 1 of the series:]

Oct. 9

RUBY — an incredible, indescribable masterpiece by Dick Bartlet. (David Bienstock of the Whitney Museum will introduce and discuss this film and the series at 5:45 and 8:45 p.m.)

Oct. 10

SKEZAG — a powerful documentary (it managed to upset even its world-weary New York audience) about three junkies shooting up and discussing revolution, family problems, and their vague hopes for themselves. The mainlining sequences are unflinching.

OMEGA — a highly popular trippy/consciousness film (which I don't particularly care for — it seems trite compared to any number of other enlightenment films, especially any Belson work.)

Oct. 15 and 17

OTHER WORLDS — ten short films relating micro/macrocsmic unity.

Oct. 22 and 24

THE LONG WALK and SUBVERSION, two film chronicles, one relating to the decimation of the Navajo in 1864, the other to the incarceration of some 120,000 Japanese Americans in concentration camps in 1942.

Oct. 29 and 31

AKRAN — a mosaic of "ambition and great technical virtuosity" [NY Times] extracting memories and sense impressions of the filmmaker's life.

Nov. 5 and 7

ELEVEN SHORT TRIPS — one of my favorites of the series. "... kinetic awareness of psychic consciousness..." [Includes recent Belson film.]

ALSO:

Nov. 12 and 14

SET UP and 42nd STREET MOVIE

Nov. 19 and 21

FILM AS A POLITICAL/SOCIAL ACT

Nov. 26 and 28

FILMS BY WOMEN

Dec. 3 and 5

EIGHT FILM PORTRAITS

Dec. 10 and 12

STEPS TOWARD A NEW CONSCIOUSNESS

[[NOTE: All showings are on Sundays and Tuesdays — except for the premiere — at 5:30 pm — Museum of History and Tech. 7:00 & 9:00 — Museum of Nat. Hist. For more information, call 381-5157.]]



drawing by anne auberjonois

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ABIDE WITH ME

Three Pieces From A Novel

By DAVID WHAM

I FRIGHT

In the middle of night in April, just a few months after I took her away from her mother, Rachel awoke screaming as though at an intruder. I got up in the icy room realizing that the gas had somehow gone off during the night, and vaguely recalled hearing something shaking the front door, feeling a draft. Scared, swearing, I relit the pilot light and went into Rachel's room. Her crying face made a moist purple sore. There were twigs and dirt all over her bed from the shoes she had not taken off. I held her, trying to warm her. The icy hand of winter had come all around us, as this little doll screamed and sprang at me, trying to get warm in the cup of my stomach.

II BEAUTY

There was thick summer all about, of one blood and one sweat. Rachel was always on my shoulders; it seemed that it was always Saturday; there were permanent sweat stains down the back of my seersucker coat where the saddle of her rear fitted behind my collar. We were one animal in the heat of the morning, with a single set of needs. Her slight arms were like a bridle, the little hands with their fine fingers clasped at my chin. I was the horse and we were loping in the sun across Stanton Park, a better team than the frozen stone uprush of horse and rider at its center. Our mingled sweat streamed into my bespectacled eyes, the grass seemed lit by an inner light, and Rachel often shifted her weight, throwing me off balance, at the same time hanging her doll, Virginia, in front of my vision; so that we nearly cantered into a tree, like a lit explosion on the sky. Our caterwauling journey from Longworth, where we spent weekend nights for safety from the streets, to home was always extreme and driven. I stashed the suitcase of trivia inside the door, hearing a load of week-night beercans rattle and crunch out of the way as it was let down, and banged the door shut. Having eaten breakfast downstairs in the Longworth Cafeteria, we continued our route toward the church gardens to play. This was the only place besides the lawns of Congress which was not littered with whiskey bottles and the dopesters did not sprawl squashed into a dangerous sort of daylight dismay, their heads riding the backs of the park benches like black cannonballs and the stare out of their eyes, cold and ethereal.

Black couples jiggled and screamed and fought across the street, the sirens of ambulances shrilled veering into the hospital entrance next door. But within that garden, it was quiet. It was in gorgeous full bloom and I got my daughter as close to my childhoos as I ever quite could.

Overhead, through trees unstunted by neglect, the sky was blue, blue as the water in my mother's washing tub with all those sudsy clouds throughout it, blue as my sister's eyes, blue as the skies over the swimming pool back home. Framed by wrought-iron fences and the black salute of the church roof, it winked and tingled like an alive thing once more. I picked Rachel up in my arms, her legs bare and cool in the shade. All about us the garden lay like an avalanche of bright rills and shadows as the wind softly riffled into the pages of memory and the sun struck coinage through the trees.

Rachel played soft by herself in tanbark pathways while I sat on the shadowy steps of the church and watched. She folded her legs under her and pushed a large piece of rock through the stuff like a bus. Picked it up, tried to cram dirt into it like people, and, failing, spanked it. All the while she talked to it, held it to her thin chest for a moment as though it were hurt, and then put it back down in the tanbark. Her eyes with their butterfly lashes were constantly on the rock, lips cooing, talking to it; she grew very anxious when it hit a root, couldn't get through; and corkscrewed away from me, her hair swinging, driving it around in a wide, big turn.

For a moment, spotlighted by a ray of sun in that shadowy churchyard, she was not my child particularly. She was a towheaded ikon for all the forgotten fathers, those poor and fading guys who couldn't make their support payments, had their cars repossessed, and sat in rooming houses on a lonely Saturday, drinking beer. Here was something for them. Here was Rachel, beautifully minding her own business, driving a rock bus in common tanbark.

Had some one of them looked in from the street, she would have seemed alone sitting there, the glad gaudy gold of her a gift and a grace from God; for I stayed out of sight, behind my bush, so that she could seem by herself. Why? I don't know really, but she was so lovely and now her life had become so ugly. I just thought she should have this moment of being a beauty.

III CHRISTIAN LOVE

Sweet Rachel. She came back to me after the trial of a late October Sunday. I hadn't had her here since that unspeakable day, hadn't wanted her. The place was a mess. I didn't know how many nights I had slept here. The time between had fled by in a blur. There were beer cans all over the place. I remembered that on my first night home alone, I had received calls from a great many people — people who had been lukewarm and people, actually, who had appeared against me in court. What did these people want? I remembered banging the phone down on the last two of them. Was this some compulsion on the part of persons who had beaten you and still felt guilty about it — that you should forgive them and thus admit that you had been wrong? I got drunk, and the days converted from a blur into a smear.

Now we were back, back in our bunker that had been ripped into visibility by the good guys on high who'd won the trial. We were all by ourselves. Rachel stood before me, church over (once with point and force, now markedly without them), that pacifier twanging soundlessly in her mouth. She was watching me wordless and soft, her breathing slowed, getting used to being back in this place. There had been a war here, something romantic and gone, something involving summer-time's tossing horses and hopes. Now it was over. She lived with her mother. Beaten, I lived alone. In her baby way, she was looking to me for an explanation.

"Milk, Rachel?"

No answer, just more wide-eyed twanging on her pacifier.
"Do you want milk with your nap?" I asked, now not a father, but a maitre D', to this child.

Slowly she nodded, heaved a sigh, then muzzled up against my leg. There was something wilted yet wanting about her. Did she want to be spanked? Did she desire to be punished for having been away so long? All at once it struck me. She expected to move back in, she expected to live here. This was home.

Shaking my head, now knowing what to say, my eyes and throat blocked, I went to the icebox and filled her little bottle, then picked her up. As heavy as ore returned to the gentle earth, her head lay against my shoulder as I carried her down the narrow dark hall, turned right at the bath, and pushed the door open to her room. Scotch-taped to the wall opposite her crib were the palm from Palm Sunday and all the pennies she had found in the street, a regular collection of them. Galaxies of weird instant crayon drawings around them were as Rachel had left them. The mattresses on the thin grey rug, lined, end to end, next to her crib, were still where I had lain on them all those hot nights, the shotgun up on the shelf above us, loaded — the last household god of all, so that Rachel would be safe from the night and its intruders. She lay down in her crib, home at last, her hand still in mine, and literally passed into slumber without a word.

She lay in there two hours. For a while, as in the old days, I lay by her side below her, on the mattresses. But she was asleep without my help or my comfort. She was home, in these surroundings. She did not need me to coax her any more. So I went out into the next room, to lie down on the rocking, legless sofa so like an artifact of our broken union. Many Sundays I had lain upon it, listening to Rachel toss about in there, trying to read a few pages before the Big Push to the Capitol to see Mother Jan. But now there was only silence. I felt empty, useless. She required these walls, this floor, this ceiling around her far more than she must have me to tell her where she was.

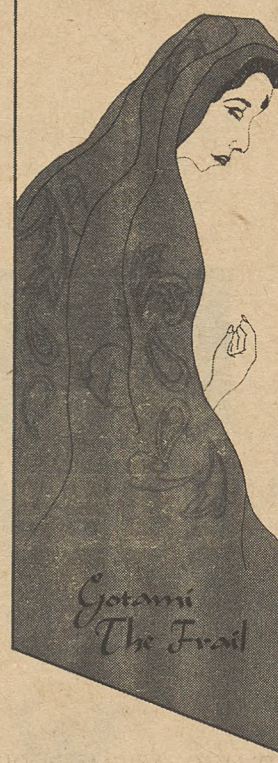
The sun through the window was metallic, eternal. The once-raucous neighbors seemed to glide noiselessly through its pewter, so that this whole scene became a frieze dedicated to my own absurd fears. What did I have to lose now? I felt mocked that I had ever been frightened in here, had ever hoped or held Rachel to me against the unseen threat of the world outside. Outside was the normal light of day, which, when it subsided, would bring Jan to my door to snatch Rachel back where she belonged by law. And the velvet curtains of night, with their winking silver threads, would softly close on all I ever wanted.

I did not read. There was no pressure on me to put at a distance what could no longer be mine by rights anyway. Rachel would be going. Inside, I felt like a giant terminal from which all trains had departed.

It grew darker. The arclight came on, making the shadows of passers-by go elongated and unreal. Rachel came sleepily out of her room, walking, trotting then bolting headlong into the V of my knees. I pulled her onto my chest and lap and we gazed out the window. What had once so scared me out there now seemed prosaid by comparison. A car turned into the alley next to our house. I heard its motor killed and somebody get out. Footsteps came around the walk to our door, stopped, poised like a miniature blimp of conceit in a hail storm of reality trying to make a perfect landing. A moderate knock sounded, gloved, genteel. Rachel bolted into her room, "Nooooooooooooo!"

continued on Page 20

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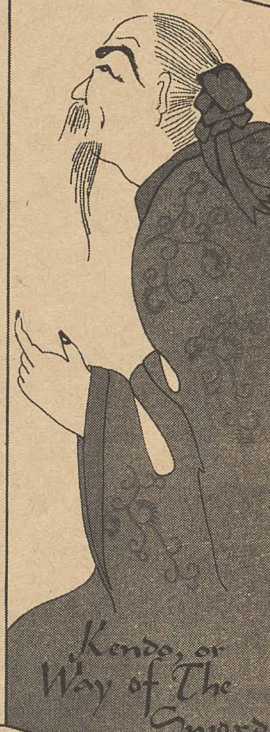
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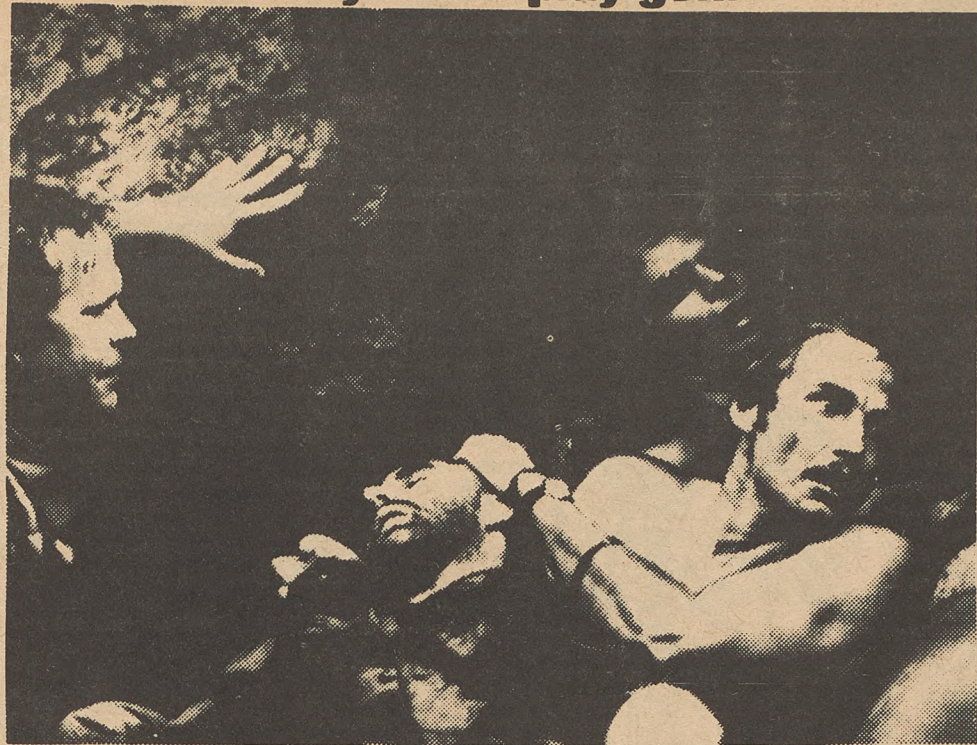
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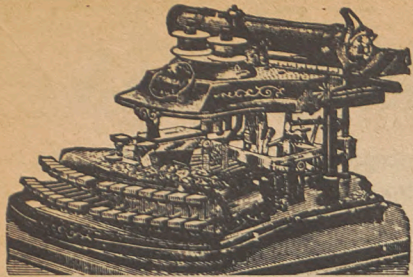
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SHADOWS IN PARADISE By Erich Maria Remarque, (Translated by Ralph Manheim), Harcourt, Brace, and Jovanovich, 305 pp., \$6.95, (hardback).

Reviewed by Frank Gatling
From a man who wrote one of the greatest anti-war treatises of all time, **ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT**, this book seems a rather mild effort, almost entirely lacking in the force and poetic beauty that marked his ten earlier novels; in fact it seems almost a rehash of those ten, with the terrors of refugees and soldiers being viewed mainly in retrospect. The dialogue is largely verbal fencing and the all-knowing cynic-protagonist is too eager to dispel one's illusions with an aphorism or an anecdote. Of course, there is good reason for cynicism in a refugee from Hitlerian horrors, but nonetheless, all this didacticism becomes rather tiresome.

Remarque, who died in 1970, did retain his flair for realism and irony in **SHADOWS IN PARADISE**. The protagonist, a German (Aryan, not Jew) who has escaped a concentration camp and emigrated to New York under a temporary visa, finds it strange that American social life is still in full swing and that many of the people he meets consider the war an inconvenience for various business reasons, rather than regarding it a horrifying spectacle of uncontrolled chauvinism and racism. He goes to Hollywood where he is hired as a script-advisor for a movie about Nazis. Some German Jews he knows are playing the parts of Nazis. The American film makers will not believe the atrocity stories he tells them; or even when they pretend to, they tell him the public simply would not accept this. The hardest thing of all for them to swallow is his contention that most of the war crimes were being committed by rather dull, sober, law-abiding citizens who were simply carrying out orders as they had always done. He opposes this to the popular notion of the Nazi as a psychopathic thug-homosexual, the sort who can be stamped out with no traces remaining. No doubt this type was extant as well, but Remarque had some clearer insights into the psyche of the average German citizen raised on Wagner, Grimm's Fairy Tales, Nietzsche and the Lore of the Black Forest. But most of this can be found in Remarque's previous works. **SHADOWS IN PARADISE** seems more of a surface characterization of certain types, than a well-developed portrayal of typical situations.

TRACY AND HEPBURN: AN INTIMATE MEMOIR By Garson Kanin, Bantam Books, 320 pp., \$1.50, (paperback).

Reviewed by Ruth Stenstrom
My mother often told me that my older brother was a master of "the care and feeding of parents." She was referring to the fact that whenever he returned from a date, he artfully managed to give them just enough information about his escapades to keep them satisfied, without telling them anything at all. (Years later I was astonished to hear just how much he got away with!)

Halfway through **TRACY AND HEPBURN** I got the suspicion that Garson Kanin was trying the same trick — only he tells too much without saying enough. Of course, if you were writing a sure-fire bestseller about your best friends, who carefully guarded their private lives, exactly how much would you tell (without losing a friend)?

The result is that the reader learns some hitherto unknown facts and gossip about Kate and Spencer, generally in the form of "stream of consciousness" (another phrase for disorganized), unrelated anecdotes, but next to nothing about the chemistry of their 27 year relationship (which Kanin repeatedly asserts was a very special friendship), and surprisingly little about the nine films they made together. In fact, the book is more like two separate accounts: one about her and a shorter one about him.

What is even more disappointing is that Kanin comes to the task with amazingly good

BOOKS

credentials as a Broadway director (**DIARY OF ANNE FRANK**, **FUNNY GIRL**, **DO RE ME**), writer (**BORN YESTERDAY** and two screenplays for Tracy and Hepburn), actor and producer, Ruth Gordon's husband and the personal friend of both Spencer Tracey and Katherine Hepburn. Plus the fact that the book got rave reviews.

Everything taken into account, one comes to believe that Kanin was more interested in writing a bestseller than a good book.

THE DOORS OF HIS FACE, THE LAMPS OF HIS MOUTH, AND OTHER STORIES By Roger Zelazny, Doubleday, 229 pp., \$4.95, (hardback)

Reviewed by Stephen Allen Wheelton

Roger Zelazny has a rare ability as a science fiction writer. He can make me read, enjoy, and get inside his stories, even though they seem old-fashioned or sentimental. Critically, I may feel that some of his tales are too emotional, yet I love them.

Maybe it is not the author or his stories at fault, but rather the critical baggage that I carry around. Is it wrong to write, read, or enjoy stories based on the solid virtues of human drama? Isn't it callous to dismiss all familiar plot ideas as clichés? Aren't the familiar story lines genuinely reflective of the basic fabric of human life? Are these not the things which move us in our daily lives on those rare occasions when we are moved?

Zelazny is not a typical old-fashioned science fiction writer, unemotionally concerned with nuts and bolts. Neither is he a "new wave" experimenter substituting pyrotechnics and primitive politics for genuine human concerns. Rather, Zelazny has found in science fiction an area of literature where he can express his personal notions and feelings.

Speculating about alien environments, non-human intelligences, extremes of time, space, and human conditions, Zelazny manages to write movingly about his own fears, concerns, wishes, and preferences. The stories themselves are set far away in time and space, yet the concerns are familiar, human, and real.

A new book has appeared from Doubleday which contains some of Roger Zelazny's best writing; fifteen short stories. This collection is named after perhaps the best-titled of all his works: "The Doors of His Face, The Lamps of His Mouth."

The phrase itself provides an insight into the author's sense of verbal style. Among science fiction writers, he is an exceptional craftsman and has a definite poetic ability.

Melancholy, Zelazny's phrases are, and so are his stories. They are science-fictional embodiments of his own wistful feelings and observations. Some tales are laced with a surface bravura which hides the fear and sadness underneath. Generally, however, the stories are straightforwardly laconic.

Basic feelings about good and evil, regret, fear of growing old or dying, selfishness, and sacrifice are freely touched upon in this book. Zelazny does not create cardboard situations or characters. Rather, they are complex enough to be interesting, yet not so complicated as to be obscure or incomprehensible.

The best stories in the book are the overtly sad ones. "A Rose for Ecclesiastes," "The Keys to December," and "The Man Who Loved the Faoli," are my favorites. I wish the book had included another of his stories which fits in with these, one named "For a Breath I Tarry," perhaps it can appear in his second collection of short stories. Other stories which were included are couched in violence, like "Devil Car," while still others are but enjoyable trifles, such as "The Great Slow Kings."

In all, they show Zelazny to be a good writer who is poetic and sentimental in a traditional way. He is a fine and careful creator of science-fictional notions. His characters are believable and his stories are well written and well constructed. This book is one of the very best to appear in some time, and I strongly recommend it.

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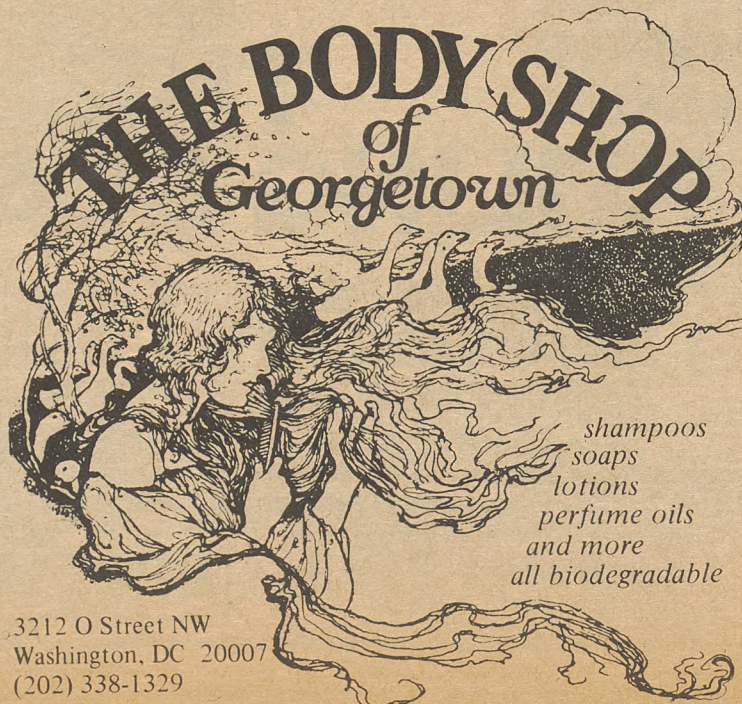


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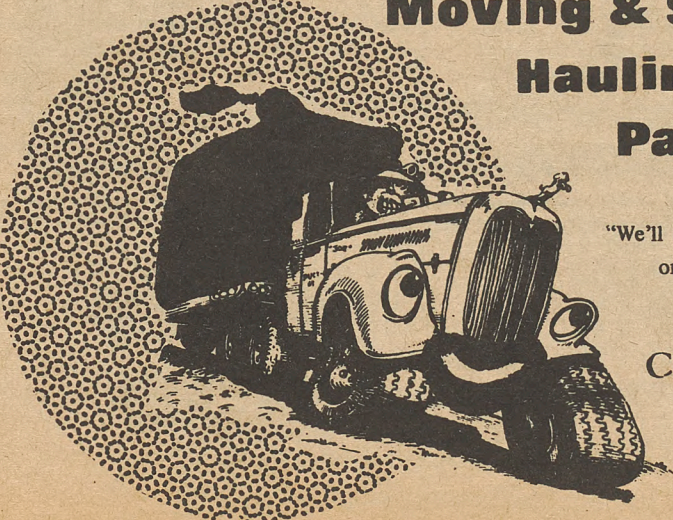
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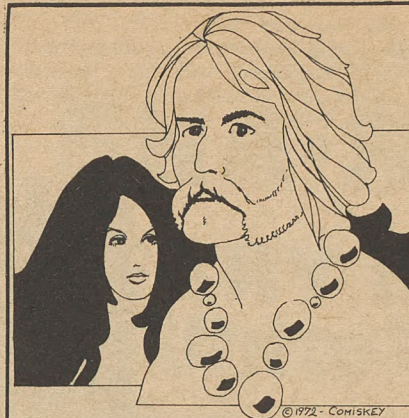
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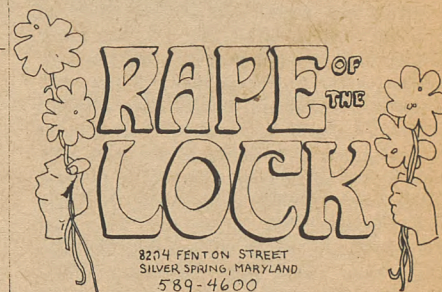
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ABIDE WITH ME continued from Page 19. . .

I went in after her, pleading for what I hated. She lay motionless in the glow of the alley arclight, a blonde bundle, betrayed.

Jan knocked again, this time older, to hell with appearances. She had won hadn't she? She would have her way. I shut the bedroom door to her knocking, turning to Rachel.

"Sweetie? Won't you go back?"

Rachel shook her head, mute, a cornered animal. I pulled at her. She clung to the top bar of her crib. I could trick her: pick her up in my arms and transport her to Janny. No! Damn if I'd make Rachel hate me for something lousy and small like plain giving-up. Jan would have to drag her out. I went, let the little queen in.

Jan with her lacquered patent-leather hair, smooth of face, perfect of lipstick, flashing of eye; marshalled again for another love. Jan entered in triumph, and I shrugged her past me. She went in and I heard screaming. I followed after to view

THE SANTA CLAUS HOAX
continued from Page 13. . .



there, too, but he was dead and I didn't remember him. Grandpa Bennie didn't come from there. He came from Warsaw. Anyhow, my great-grandmother who was Grandma Bessie's mother was a princess. And my Mommy said to remember when people tried to convert me — and they would a lot because people were always trying to convert the Jews but they never could — that my grand mother was the princess of Vyalistok.

In your own backyard

By Paula Mathews

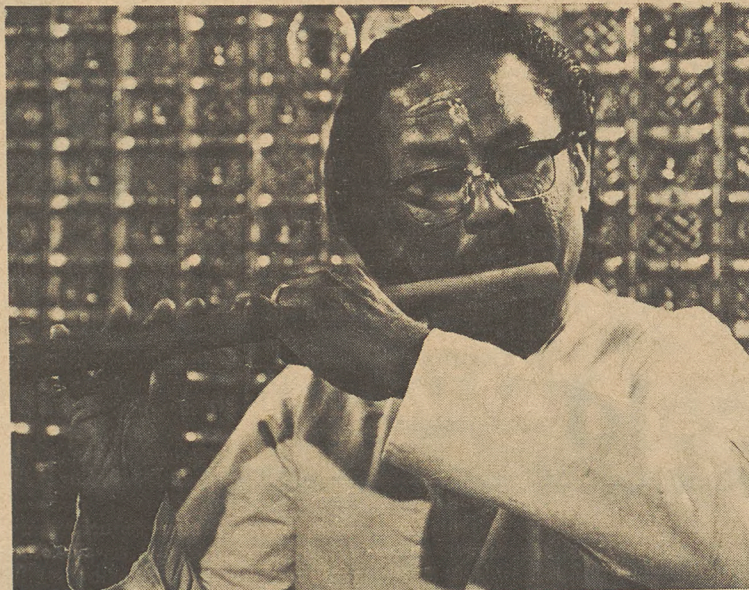
THE WORKS of 15 Wash. — Balto. area photographers are being shown through Oct. 15 at the Univ. of MD Art Gallery located in the Tawes Fine Arts Center. The composition of photographs is varied and included still lifes, landscapes, human figures plus interesting technical creations on these themes makes a unique exhibit. The exhibit is the first organized under the gallery's new director, Eleanor Green. Hopefully it will continue to offer a chance of recognition to well deserving photographers of the area.

INDIAN COOKERY ENTHUSIASTS may want to look into Spices and Foods Unltd. at 2018 Florida Ave., N.W. several blocks north of Dupont Circle. If you're hooked on Indian cooking but have had trouble finding many of the spices called for in the recipes, you'll probably be more than satisfied with this shop. In stock are fresh, whole, coriander, cumin, cardamon, cloves, etc. plus "dal" or Indian cooking beans. There are also some Indian "quicky" mixes and a large selection of chutneys. Store hours are 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. except Mondays.

ONE FLEW OVER the Cuckoo's Nest, a play adapted by Dale Wasserman from the novel by Ken Kesey, will open at Balto's Center Stage on Tues., Oct. 24. The play has had a history somewhat more turbulent than the easy success the book attained. Critics once thought the play very coarse, but restated their opinion with its success. It's audience has been comprised mostly of teenagers and those in their twenties who identify easily with the flamboyant defiance of McMurphy, the focal character. Center Stage will present the play through Nov. 19 at their playhouse — 311 East North Ave., Balto. Only subscribers will be guaranteed seating as there will be no advance individual ticket sales. For info. or subscriptions, programs and tickets, call (301) 685-5020.

A COLLECTION OF SERIGRAPHS on plexiglass by area artist John Barber is now being shown through Oct. 29 at the Washington Theater Club's Showcase Gallery, 23rd & L St. N.W. Also on display in a lower level gallery is a collection of antique and new posters, political campaign buttons and assorted political memorabilia since WW I. Hours are Sun. & Mon. Noon to 6 pm, Tues. through Thurs. 10 am to 8 pm.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION is presenting Balasaraswati, an Indian dancer, on Oct. 11 at 8:30 pm. The following night, the Smithsonian will feature in concert, instruments and music of India. Both performances will be held in the Museum of Natural Hist. auditorium and ticket info. can be obtained by calling 381-5395.



THE BLACK AMERICAN THEATRE CO. is presenting the comedy "Five on the Black Hand Side," through Oct. 22. Written by Charlie Russel, the play was originally produced in NYC in 1969. The play will run Tus through Sun at 8 pm plus a matinee on Sun at 3:00 pm.

FENDRICK GALLERY at 3059 M St., N.W., is presently exhibiting prints and photos thru Oct. 28 by five artists who represented the US at the Venice Biennial 1972. Those exhibiting are Diane Arbus, Ron Davis, Richard Estes, Sam Gilliam and Keith Sonnier.

THE FOLGER THEATRE GROUP announces the presentation of "Total Eclipse" by Christopher Hampton, Oct 17 thru Nov 12. Hampton is also the author of "The Philanthropist" and "When Did You Last See My Mother?" Performances are presented in the theater of the Folger Shakespeare Library, 201 East Capitol St., SE, on Tues — Sun at 8 pm Sun at 3 pm, also. Regular tickets \$3.50, preview tickets are \$3 and student tickets are \$2.50. Info.: 546-1222.

MODERN DANCE CLASSES for both male and female adults will be held at Grace Church, 1041 Wisc. Ave. NW, every Wed. night beginning Oct 4. Carol Hamilton, who has taught, danced and choreographed in the U.S., Latin America and Europe, will teach the classes. Info.: 362-2345.

STELLA ROWELL, formerly with Marlon Brando's Workshop, is offering informal improvisational workshop at 3111 Columbia Pike, Arlington, VA. The class is scheduled to begin immediately and is open to all interested adults. Call 979-5939 after 1 pm for info. regarding workshop hours and fees.

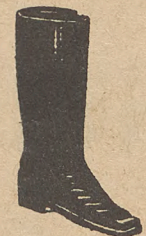
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for its inbred fusion of Western and Indian styles and instrumentation, it's a non-movie movie soundtrack with musical excerpts to identify evolving god- and mortal-characters. Mostly made for pot-filled hippies, it's relatable on a few alternate currents if the chooser sees fit.

Here's one with the most obscure and unrecognized (not to say hard to book) jazz musicians ever existing and they swim beneath the sea. Any one into the possible sounds of outer space people or a Fortean who has a stereo, or any one in need of a conversation piece, or Doubting Thomas if he's still around, y'all need this. It's absolutely unreal that these song structures and tonalities are the product of the mind of a sea animal we consider unaccountable. However, only mankind could merit (and deliver) such a prize as SONGS OF THE HUMPHACK WHALE.

Away from the sea to the festivities of a Moroccan religious rite — the rites of Pan, to be exact. The proceedings of this intense event were recorded by Rolling Stone (at the time) Brian Jones and held back from release until this year for some mysterious reason. Featuring the 50 or so Pipes of Pan along with drum and chanting accompaniment "the music grooves into hysteria, fear and fornication." The actual pipes are flute-like (raitas) and sound much like an insane chorus of oboes, the master musicians all strong-lunged from puffing kif all their lives can literally blow all night. Perhaps in Brian's own words the total fearsome musical intensity which creates confusion in our Westernized minds is best explained. . . those involved in the rites are playing "an incantation to those on another plane." (Actual title: BRIAN JONES PRESENTS THE PIPES OF PAN AT JOUJOUKA, Rolling Stones Record COC 49100.)

That's not the whole story of esoteric music, but it's at least a taste and if you wanna hear the truth, I hope you're hooked on it.

SONIC ARTS UNION

By Stephen Allen Wheelton

A very important tendency among composers and performers of new music is their forming groups. Frequently they will band together as performers improvising music on the spot, much as a jazz ensemble does. Often, they will adopt a more diverse approach to music. They may combine group-improvisation, group-composition, and straight per-

formance of conventional musical scores. Some groups believe in the subjugation of the individual composer's ego and identity as a part of an overall anti-egotistic philosophy.

One of the oldest and best of these groups is called the Sonic Arts Union. Its four members remain individuals as they work together. Like some other groups, the Sonic Arts Union live thousands of miles apart and the group gets together only for work, practice performance and a limited amount of socializing. A recording has been issued of the work of the members of the Sonic Arts Union. While this disc is not up-to-the-minute because it does not reflect the actual music which the group presently performs, it is quite interesting on its own terms.

Alphabetically, the list of composer/performer/members of the Sonic Arts Union begins with Robert Ashley. He is now a Californian and his music reflects some of what one might associate with California. Take the title of his piece, for example, THE WOLFMAN MOTORCITY REVUE. These words evoke the world of Robert Crumb and ZAP COMIX, certainly a Californian milieu. On the recording at hand, only a part of the REVUE is included, entitled "Purposeful Lady Slow Afternoon." It is electronic in nature, with borrowings from popular music and nightclub traditions. Its intent and effect are theatrical. It is effective: unlike much music of its type it sustains the listener's interest throughout — that is, it is not too long.

David Behrman is second on the list. His piece is an example of everyman's electronics. It is an attempt to create an electronic music system which virtually anyone could duplicate, elaborate, and use. The sounds which are produced with Behrman's concoction of cheap electronic equipment are called "Runthrough." They are not forbidding and in fact are rather enjoyable, particularly as everyday music. I can certainly imagine enjoying twiddling with the machines which originally produced the sounds.

Alvin Lucier is third on the list of four. His piece, by far my favorite of the four, is entitled VESPER. It employs machines called "Sondels" which were designed as echo-location aids for the blind. These machines produce clicking sounds which can be adjusted to make sense of sounds contrasted with echoes of sounds. The "Sondel" allows a blind person to train himself to move about, not unlike the way a bat or a dolphin moves. Lucier creates with "Sondels" a sound en-

vironment which gives an aural picture to the listener of the sound-space within which the record was made. The echoes are not totally clear to an ear and mind untrained, but they are quite interesting to the mind and beautiful to the ear.

Gordon Mumma completes the quartet of composer-performers who are the Sonic Arts Union. His piece is called "Hornpipe," and it is a strange kind of instrumental solo. Mumma himself plays French horn and makes the piece into a duet between himself and a computer. The computer is a very small and specialized one, designed by Mumma himself just for this piece. It consists of a bank of circuits which listens to the reverberation patterns set up in the room as the horn solo is played. Then, as a certain amount of information is received by and processed by the little computer, it adds its own appropriate sounds to the piece. After the computer has begun making sounds for a while, Mumma is faced with the task of shutting it up! The computer puts out tones which echo strongly in the room, and Mumma can cut off the constant flow of sound by playing tones near to, but slightly different from, those which are strongly reverberant and are therefore so easily echoing again and again. Thus, at the beginning of the piece, Mumma plays around on the horn and teaches the computer how to respond. At the end, he must figure out how to turn it off by deliberately feeding it frustrating information.

Four individual composers, then, make up the Sonic Arts Union. The disc is tastefully designed, well made technically, and it provides a diverse introduction to some of the latest directions in electronic music. It is available on the Mainstream label.

STOCKHAUSEN

Karlheinz Stockhausen is in a rare position for a composer of new "classical" music. ("Ernst Musik," or "serious" music," the Germans call it) Respected, feared, admired, and despised among fellow musicians, (a good combination of reactions, I should say; better than being ignored), Stockhausen's music is reaching beyond old boundaries and into the minds and onto the turntables and cassette machines of young people. Karlheinz is one of very few "longhair" composers who is known or understood by listeners who do not appreciate classical music generally.

Stockhausen largely deserves this attention. His musical mind is fertile. It has been so for almost 20 years. He was instrumental in

beginning electronic music. He has experimented with most of the approaches to musical form and sound production which have passed by in the parade of styles, and approaches to new music in the Fifties and Sixties. Always, there is a very strong Stockhausen stamp to his music. Germanic to the point of tyranny, Stockhausen has trained and guided a group of performers in the creation of a series of works which makes him one of the most important musical minds of our century.

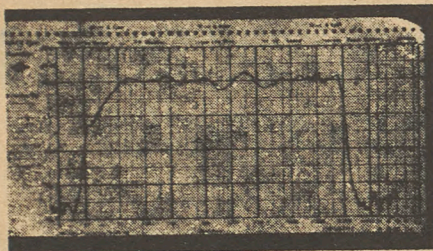
From the list of almost 40 major works by Stockhausen so far, a few stand out either as turning-points in his career or as transcendent in their musical effectiveness and beauty. The earliest of the transcendent works is called MIKROPHONIE I. It sounds like an extra-terrestrial zoo inhabited by nightmarish creatures screaming in unimaginable agony and anger. It is available on Columbia records, and I recommend it. MIKROPHONIE II, on the other side of the record, is an example of Stockhausen's music which doesn't interest me so much. It is a bit of musical hodgepodge, a kind of "kitchen sink" music in which not only everything but the proverbial sink is thrown in, but one can almost hear the sink itself being pounded upon.

Last on the list is STIMMUNG, also on DGG. It is different from the other two. In fact, it is different from the rest of Stockhausen that I know. It is written for six voices and it is quite classical and pure in its own way. In that respect it is like the pure MIKROPHONIE I and KURZWELLEN and unlike the sprawling MIKROPHONIE II. The singers have only a few tones which they are allowed, among them, to sing. There are certain words which they say from time to time, but basically, they vocalise a series of basic exercises upon the range of the human voice. They explore the boundaries between vowels and experiment with elements of human speech. The result is beautiful to hear.

Stockhausen is not the only composer who experiments with new ideas in music; far from it. Nevertheless, his genuine originality and his overwhelming musicality make his experiments stand out. Whether striking out in original directions as he did when beginning to work with electronic music, or following musical and philosophical ideas first outlined by others, as he has been doing regularly ever since, Stockhausen is a major figure in music. It is not merely that his ideas are food for everyone else's thought, but more importantly, his music is food for everyone's minds and ears.

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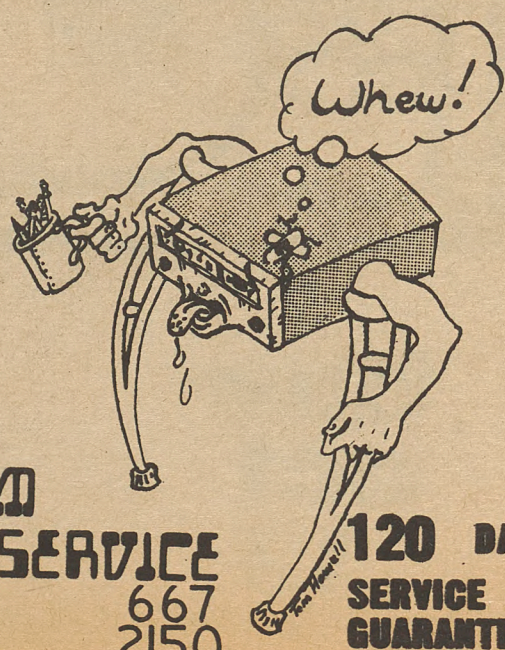
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CALENDAR OF DELIGHTS

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4

MUSIC

Harry Chapin & Aztec Two Step; Cellar Door; 337-2289
Tommy Overstreet; Stardust; 843-6233
Folksingers; Brickskeller; 9:30; 293-1885 (see inside)
Emmy Lou Harris & Mother Scott; Childe Harold
483-6702
Liz Meyer & Wild Honey; Red Fox Inn, Bethesda;
652-4429
Peabody Music Hall; Catonsville Comm. Coll.; 3 pm free
Balto. Symphony w/ Alicia DeLarrocha, pianist; Lyric
Theater; 8 pm

FILMS

Take the Money and Run & Where's Poppa?; Circle Theatre
Glas-teerdam; a desing film on the design & manufacture
of glass; Grand Salon; Renwick Gallery; continuous from 11
2:30 pm

EVENTS

The Hullabaloo Election of Osbert or Jess; Smithsonian
Puppet Theatre; 11, 12, and 1:00 pm; 381-5395
Shirley Chisholm - speech; GWU; Marvin Ctr. Ball Room;
8:00 pm, free
Peggy Fleming on Ice; Shady Grove Music Fair; 948-3400

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5

MUSIC

Harry Chapin (see Oct 9)
Tommy Overstreet (see Oct 9)
Folksingers (see Oct 9)
J.B. & Liz Meyer and Wild Honey; Childe Harold
The Mudlick Band; Red Fox Inn
Radiodrengekaret; The Radio Boy's Choir from Denmark
GWU, Lisner Auditorium; 8 pm; \$2.50 - \$3.50
Baltimore Symphony (see Oct 9)
Teddy Wilson; Maryland Inn, Annapolis

FILMS

Alfred Hitchcock's The 39 Steps & The Lady Vanishes
Biograph Theater; 333-2696
The Reivers & A Man Called Horse; Circle Theatre

EVENTS

The Koussevitzky Legacy - Vivaldi, Liszt & Copland;
WAMU-FM; 88.5; 9 pm
The Hullabaloo Election... (see Oct 9)
Peggy Fleming (see Oct 4)
Royal Lipizzan Stallions; Balto. Civ. Ctr. 8 pm
Ebony Fashion Show; Balto. Civ. Ctr.
Luncheon Talk - Women at Work - Smithsonian Inst.
Noon; speakers Caryl Marsh & Abigail McCarty

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6

MUSIC

Harry Chapin (see Oct 4)
Tommy Overstreet (see Oct 4)
Folksingers (see Oct 4)
The Heavy Metal Kids; Childe Harold
Indian Summer Bluegrass Fest; Callaway, Md. 1 pm;
645-2693

FILMS

39 Steps & The Lady Vanishes (see Oct 5)
Performance & Yellow Submarine; Circle Theater
Happy Birthday Wanda June; GWU

EVENTS

"IF" Coffeehouse 1313 NY Ave., NW
The Hullabaloo Election... (see Oct 4)
Peggy Fleming (see Oct 4)
Iguana Coffeehouse; Thomas Circle
Lecture - Norman Mailer w/ film MAIDSTONE; Towson
State College; 8:30 pm; 823-1211
Royal Lipizzan Stallions (see Oct 5)
Springs Folk Fest; Grantsville, Md.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7

MUSIC

Eugene Holmes; Kennedy Center Concert Hall; 8:30
Gordon Lightfoot; DAR Constitution Hall 8:30
Harry Chapin & Aztec Two Step (see Oct 4)
Tommy Overstreet (see Oct 4)
Folksingers (see Oct 4)
The heavy Metal Kids (see Oct 6)
Indian Summer Bluegrass (see Oct 6)
Pop Concert - Balto. Symphony; Lyric Theatre; 8 pm

FILMS

39 Steps & The Lady Vanishes (see Oct 5)
Performance & Yellow Submarine (see Oct 6)

EVENTS

Open House - all day; Wash. Nat'l Cathedral, at Wisc. &
Mass. Aves, N.W.
"IF" Coffeehouse (see Oct 6)
The Hullabaloo Election... (see Oct 4)
Peggy Fleming (see Oct 4)
Iguana Coffee House presents "Hang High The Lantern"
Springs Folk Fest (see Oct 6)
Sidewalk Arts & Crafts Show; Cambridge, Md. 228-6915

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 8

MUSIC

Gospel Extravaganza w/ Edwin Hawking Singers; Kennedy
Center Concert Hall; 3 pm \$10 - \$3
Leo Konitz - saxaphonist; Smithsonian Museum of Nat.
History Auditorium; 8 pm
Commander Cody & Ramatam; Lyric Theatre; Balto.
\$5.50 - \$3.50
Hootenanny; Cellar Door; live on WGTB-FM 90.1
Hootenanny; Brickskeller; 9:30 pm
Hank Snow, David HOuston; C&W Robinson H.S. 3 pm
and 7 pm; \$5.00
Coffee Concert w/ artists of the Wolf Trap Co; L'Enfant
Theatre; 4 pm \$2
Indian Summer Bluegrass Fest (see Oct 6)

FILMS

See Oct. 6

EVENTS

Hullabaloo Election... (see Oct 4)
Peggy Fleming (see Oct 4)
Motorcycle Racing; Frederick Fairgrounds; Frederick 2 pm
Fells Point Fun Fest - arts crafts, entertainment; Fells Pt,
Balto.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 9

MUSIC

Chris Smithers & B.W. Stevens; Cellar Door
The Hagers [Hee Haw Show] 1 the Stardust

FILMS

Ingmar Bergman's The Naked Night & The Magician;
Biograph Theatre
Performance & Yellow Submarine (see Oct 6)
Royal & Private Sculpture at the Middle Kingdome
Walters Gallery, Balto. 8:15 pm

EVENTS

Mass Transit Poetry Project; upstairs at Comm. Bk Store
2028 P St. NW

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10

MUSIC

Nat'l Symphony Orch. Kennedy Center Concert Hall *:30
Chris Smithers & B.W. Stevens (see Oct 9)
The Hagers (see Oct 9)
Folksingers (see Oct 4)
Philadelphia Orchestra; Lyric Theatre; Balto; 8pm

FILMS

Skezag (See FILMMAKERS, inside this issue)
The Good, the Bad and the Ugly & Fistful of Dollars
Circle Theatre
Basic Film Terms - a Visual Dictionary, Fall of the House
of Usher, An occurance at Owl Creek Bridge; Enoch Pratt
Library, Balto; 2 pm
Yougoslavia, Serbia & Macedonia; Walters Art Gallery;
Balto. 1 pm

EVENTS

Open meeting for people interested in a Washington Area
Free University [WAFU]; 1724 20th St. NW, 2nd floor 8pm
The Canadian Ballet w/ Rudolph Nureyev; Morris Mech-
anic Theatre, Balto; 8 pm
Lecture by Joseph Spear; Essex Comm Coll. Balto. 8 pm

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11

MUSIC

National Symphony (see Oct 10)
Chris Smithers (see Oct 9)
The Hagers (see Oct 9)
Folksingers (see Oct 4)
Emmy Lou Harris (see Oct 4)
Liz Meyer & Wild Honey (see Oct 4)

FILME

The Magus and Ulysses; Circle Theatre
Design & Man; Grand Salon; Renwick Gallery; 11 am -2:30

EVENTS

THE Hullabaloo Election... (see Oct 4)
Balasaraswati, India's great dancer; Smithsonian Nat. Hist
Auditorium; 8:30
Canadian Ballet (see Oct 10)

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12

MUSIC

Nat'l Symphony Orch. (see Oct 10)
Instruments of India; Museum of Nat. Hist Aud. 8:30
Chris Smithers (see Oct 9)
The Hagers (see Oct 9)
J.B. & Liz and Wld Honey (see Oct 5)
The Mudlick Band (see Oct 5)

FILMS

Black Orpheus & Jules & Jim; Biograph
The Magus & Ulysses (see Oct 11)
Strangers on a Train & Stage Fright; GWU, Lisner; 8 pm
This is Ben Shahn; A Sculpture Speaks; Chaim Gross &

Calder's Circus; Lecture Hall, NCAF; 9th St between F&G Sts
11:15, 12:15, 2:15
Impressions of Greece; Maryland Academy of Sciences
Lyric Theatre, Balto. 8:30

EVENTS

The Hullabaloo Election... (see Oct 4)
Canadian Ballet (see Oct 10)
Balasaraswati (see Oct 11)

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13

MUSIC

John McLaughlin & Mahavishnu Orch; GWU; Lisner 8 pm
Chris Smithers (see Oct 9)
The Hagers (see Oct 9)
Blood Sweat & Tears; Kennedy Center Concert Hall; 8:30
J.B. & Liz & Wild Honey (see Oct 5)
John Sebastian & Martha Velezi; Painters Mill Music Fair
8:30 pm, 363-0800

FILMS

Black Orpheus & Jules & Jim (see Oct 12)
The Devils & the Wld Bunch Circle Theatre
Impressions of Greece; 5:30/8:30 (see Oct 12)

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14

MUSIC

Nat'l Symphony Orch. Kennedy Center Concert Hall 3pm
Doc Watson; Museum of Nat. Hist. Aud. 8:30
Chris Smithers (see Oct 9)
The Hagers (see Oct 9)
Richard Nader's Original Rock & Roll Revival w/ Chuck
Berry, the Coasters, Bo Diddley, the Dovells & others, DAR
Constitution Hall; 8:00 and 11:00pm
Folksingers (see Oct 4)
J.B. Liz, & Wild Honey; (see Oct 5)
Dan Davis & the Nashville Brass (Painters Mill 4/8pm

FILMS

Black Orpheus and Jules & Jim (see Oct 12)
THE Devils and The Wild Bundh (see Oct 13)
This is Ben Shahn (see Oct 12)

EVENTS

Candle fest; Brighton Md; St. Luke's Episc. Church
"IF" Coffeehouse (see Oct 6)
Rajko Dancers & Singers from Hungary; Kennedy Center
Concert Hall
The Hullabaloo Election... (see Oct 4)
Poetry reading w/ wine & cheese; GWU Strong Hall 8:30
Iguana Coffeehouse (see Oct 6)
Quilting demonstration & lecture; Renwick Gallery
10 - 3:00; free tickets available on request.
CANadian Ballet (see Oct 10)

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 15

MUSIC

Hootenanny; Cellar Door (see Oct 8)
Bread; Balto Civ. Ctr. 9:30
The Hollies, Raspberries, Danny O'Keefe; Painters Mill
Music Fair; 8:30 pm; 363-0800
Ike & Tina Turner; Georgetown Univ.; 8 pm \$5 965-9650
Mary Travers & Jackson Browne; Catholic U. gym \$3
4 & 8 pm 965-9650
Coffee Concert (see Oct 8)
Carles Aznavour; Kennedy Center Concert Hall 8:30

FILMS

See Oct. 13

EVENTS

The Hullabaloo Election... (see Oct 4)
Canadian Ballet (see Oct 10)

MONDAY, OCTOBER 16

MUSIC

Israeli Philharmonic; Kennedy Center Concert Hall 8:30
New York Rock Ensemble & Murray McLaughlin; Cellar
Door; 337-3389

FILMS

The Conformist & The Third Man; Biograph
The DEVILS & The Wild Bunch (see Oct 13)
Ancient Egyptian Wall Painting; Walters Gallery, Balto.

EVENTS

Mass Transit Poetry Project (see Oct 9)
Utah Repertory Dance Theatre; Kennedy Center Opera
House; 8 pm

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17

MUSIC

Nat'l Symphony Orch. (see Oct 10)
New York Rock Ensemble & Murray McLaughlin (see
Oct. 16)

FILMS

The Boys in the Band & I Never San For My Father
Circle theatre
The Eye Hears, The Ear Sees & Neighbors; Enoch
Pratt Free Library, Balto.